

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Summer's Ramble among the Musicians of Germany, giving some Account of the Operas of Munich, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, &c. By a Musical Professor. Post 8vo. London, 1828. Hunt and Clarke.

THE title-page of this agreeable volume is so completely, and at the same time, so truly indicative of its contents, that we cannot do better than extract the whole: in addition, then, to the above, it goes on, 'with remarks upon the church music, the singers, performers, and composers; the out-of-door enjoyments and surface of society in that country; and a sample of the pleasures and inconveniences that await the lover of art on a similar excursion;' these remarks are acute and just, the pictures of society are piquant and striking, and the pleasures and inconveniences are stated in a lively and judicious manner. The former, fortunately, were predominant, and our author revels amidst his harmonious luxuries in a spirit of entire buoyancy and elegance. But it is not merely as 'a musical professor,' that he lays claim to our attention; the kindred arts have equal influence over his feelings, and contribute their fair proportion to that enjoyment in which he so liberally allows his readers to participate. Viewed simply as a tour, we have rarely perused anything more original and entertaining; but for the professional brethren of the author it must possess claims of the utmost interest and importance. Antwerp, Cologne, Frankfurt, Darmstadt, Munich, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, Leipsic, &c. these were the places, among the music, and the musical professors of which, our author spent the summer; and from his observations on some of these we shall now make several selections. Antwerp we pass over, not because it is deficient in interesting details,—for of these there are many,—but because Cologne supplies us with a passage more easily detachable from the general narrative. It relates to a religious procession of the town inhabitants, which took place on a Sunday morning, during the octave from the great feast Corpus Domini, and the music of which placed the combinations and effects of the art in an entirely new position:

'On these occasions the streets are strewn with rushes, so that the performers glide along noiseless as ghosts, and nothing interrupts the solemnity of the harmony. The singers consisted of young girls and boys, youths and maidens, and lastly of consummate men, walking in double rows of immense length, and sometimes accompanied by bands of wind instruments. The simple hymn, sung by the girls in three parts, pitched in a low key, nicely in tune, and without any vociferation—this, replied to by the men's voices, and then in return by those of the youths, produced the most affecting appeal to the feelings of which music is capable—tears came unbidden. The pauses in the music, the large body of voices, the con-

trast between the trebles, tenors, and basses, the sudden breaking out in different parts of that long line, some voices from their distance merging into silence, others unexpectedly swelling out near at hand, produced an entire and delicious novelty in the art, and such as might by a great master of effect be turned to infinite account.—It would be gratifying to try how a regular motett for several choirs, of slow movement and artful counterpoint, with judicious marks of piano and forte, would succeed, the performers being placed in bodies at certain distances apart. I am sanguine in the conviction, that an extensive and entirely untrodden field of exertion is open to a composer; but in this, as well as in orchestral writing, great experience and actual experiment are necessary to success. In the present instance, the ear was not offended by any jarring or discordant harmony, because the signals for the different parties to begin were regulated with judgment, one not commencing until the other had stopped. The priests, however, who took upon themselves to roar the Gregorian chaunt, made great blunders in the harmony; their basses and appoggiature were uniformly wrong. Two horns, clarionets, bassoons, and a bass trombone, played in a smooth manner and extremely subdued, supplied the place of an itinerant organ, and supported the voices in those parts where the modulation was somewhat more learned than suits merely vocal music.'

At Darmstadt our author went to see the performance of Euryanthe, and 'for about thirteence, English, took his place in the pit.' 'Think, gentle reader,' he exclaims, 'of enjoying an opera, played and sung by the best artists for that sum.' On this occasion he presents us with a very pretty portrait:

'Mademoiselle Madler, who performed the part of Euryanthe, and is the principal soprano in this corps, has a sweet voice, and would make an excellent chamber-singer; but in the forte parts of every bravura she was almost inaudible, because the band is really too large for accompanying opera music, especially songs. But whoever looked at Mademoiselle Madler would hardly wish for a higher pleasure than his eye-sight would afford him; she is a model of German beauty, which is indeed a condensation of female loveliness, including all the sentiment of it. The lady must be thus imagined: a being somewhat about the height of Shakspeare's Rosalind, with that undulating flow of outline in her figure which never wears in contemplating; a face perfect for its symmetrical regularity, and its look of goodness; hair (almost distracting to mention) of an auburn colour, and in such profusion that when allowed to escape from its confinement, it descended nearly to the feet. This abundance of hair is the dowry which every German woman brings her husband; and I find that in this country they have engrossed the fabled strength of Samson in that particular, which should by lineal descent have been ours; but if they are usurpers, they are certainly not tyrants.'

Our professor's account of dining at Munich, and its effects, seems to disprove the saying that—

'Dainty bits

Make fat the ribs, but banter out the wits.'

'It is not the custom in Munich for the inhabitants to dine much at their own houses, but they indulge their gulosity with considerable vigour at the various hotels. In the south of Germany the dinner-hour is universally one o'clock; and as the breakfast barely justifies its etymology, being a most ethereal meal, an appetite is seldom wanting at that hour. A great proportion of the guests at these public tables are officers in the army, generally fine and intelligent looking men, whose overgrown shaggy mustachios disguise much good nature, and are only the semblance of fierceness. Then comes the cook's ordeal; and a German cook is an artificer so dexterous in the occult refinements of his art, so delicate in his flavours, so profound in his combinations, that the eater shall experience no malign results in the concoction of any dish in which his subtle hand hath been employed. The courses follow one another in slow but numerous succession, and the conversation of the company, which at first commenced *pianissimo*, soon, under the influence of generous fare, becomes gradually louder as the talkers increase; at last, those who have the misfortune to be engaged in some knotty argument or metaphysical discussion, are obliged to halloo at the top of their voices with a most harmless but amusing violence. When talking earnestly upon a subject in which they are interested, the Germans roll out their fine, rough, energetic words with infinite gusto. All this time the *mädchen* (generally a pretty girl, who assists in serving the guests individually) acts as a moderator of the asperities of dispute; she insinuates her gentle form, craving attention to some fresh cates or dainties, or "luculent syrups tinct with cinnamon," and generally receives in return from the men a sly embrace or extempore compliment, or from the women some approval of her well-chosen dress; and this familiarity, which results entirely from a benevolence of disposition, never degenerates into grossness on the part of the superiors, or impudence on that of the menial. Human nature is a very pleasant and good-natured thing in Bavaria. I have thought it necessary to panegyrisse the German cooks on account of the vivacity and mental activity which their dishes leave to the eater, who is after them never more cogitabund, more luxuriant for a sonnet or other piece of off-hand eloquence, and they sufficiently disprove that it is alone "spare fast that with the gods doth diet."

The following passage exhibits the present King of Bavaria in an honourable point of view:—

'Maximilian Joseph is animated by a very praiseworthy desire to concentrate in his capital all the most celebrated works in painting and sculpture; and he has succeeded in his design to so eminent a degree, that it is probable Munich will soon become the haunt of artists of all descriptions and countries. The pope, who loves his Bavarian majesty, has, it is said, withdrawn solely in his favour the absolute prohibition which he had issued with respect to the removal of ancient marbles and other works of art from Rome. The picture

gallery, as it now stands, contains the spoils of the formerly famed collections of Düsseldorf, Zweibrücken, and Mannheim; and though Dresden may boast more pictures, yet in the excellence of their classification, and in their disposal with respect to light, as well as in the intrinsic worth of the works themselves, I should prefer Munich; certainly, in the first two respects, if I am inclined to waver in the last. It is not certain whether or not difficulties might attend an artist's request of permission to copy; but for a visitor who wishes to enjoy the pleasures of the gallery, all that is required is, that he render his person at a reasonable hour under the arcade of the palace garden, and by raising his hand to a bell, and giving it an indifferent jerk, a soldier will attend him, who will, without fee or reward, conduct him to the objects of his desire. The form of writing his name is not even requested.

Our author's idea of the proper mode of showing one's love for a fine painting is developed thus:—

'In spite of the exquisite pleasure it gives the eye to look at one glance through a suite of rooms, in length about 400 feet, lined with gorgeous colours, there must be with many, I am convinced, (in their back-ground sensations) some secret repinings at the shortness of hours and days, and their consequent incapacity to do justice to all of the ideal and beautiful that is collected in that space. It is not as in the exhibition of our Royal Academy, where the visitor at once walks up to Turner, or Wilkie, or Sir Thomas Lawrence, without troubling himself to cast his eyes to the right or left; in the Munich gallery one is really hustled by the crowd of thoughts to be found in every direction, and among more than 900 pictures, half of which at least deserve to be well examined and greatly admired, it is not agreeable to find the attention so much over-matched as a shorter residence in the city than of several months would make it. I do not know whether the inclination be monstrous, or whether it be sanctioned by any grave authority, but how delightful would it be to abstract a certain portrait by Vandyke from the throng, and to place it alone in a private apartment, where, by perpetual conning, one might become acquainted with its minutest and most delicate touches. This is the idea of an individual as to the conjugal fidelity which should be preserved (at least for a whole morning) to one good picture, pure and undefiled, instead of wandering with a wanton eye through a whole bevy of them, and neglecting to pay that mental homage which a great master demands.'

The voyage down the Danube to Vienna is related with great descriptive skill, and affords some exquisite pieces of portraiture, particularly of the commander of the 'hut of planks,' a short, thick-set, Dirk Haitterick-looking fellow, the noble arch of whose nose, corresponding with a symmetrical protuberance of his abdomen, gave him a dignity beyond that of the office with which he was invested, and the pilot, 'tall, lean, and picturesque,' and withal a fellow of infinite jest.—The chief places of summer evenings' resort in Dresden are the Great Garden, the garden of the *Linkischen Bad*, and the terrace overlooking the Elbe.

'At the first,' says the author, 'of these places the music was generally excellent, and it was my practice, on a fine warm afternoon, having dined and duly discussed my glass of Würtzburger, to jump into a fiacre and drive there through pleasant avenues of trees and country houses; and the agreeableness of the ride was not lessened by seeing from time to

time groups of handsome girls seated in the green trellised bowers of their gardens, bare-headed, reading or working together—then to leap out of the coach to the first finale in Figaro, or something as good, and to take coffee seated under the fine old arm of a tree, looking upon the evening sun or the golden clouds about it, surrounded by a throng of happy faces.

'This park, which was attached to a royal residence, but is now given up for the gratification of the public, is a most charming place; the trees, instead of being younger than one's self, as they appear at Vienna, look ancestral and venerable. The ladies who visit this place very wisely employ their hands in knitting, though I believe from their looks that the manufacture does not absorb much of their thoughts: the gentlemen in the mean time lounge about, recognizing and exchanging amenities with their acquaintances. Great cheerfulness results from this open air existence in Germany; life runs good to the last here, for in no place have I seen so many happy old men, or met with more innocent or steadfast politicians, especially if England was the theme of discourse. One of these used to single me out every day with a fresh eulogium on Herr Canning, until the relation of his virtues became rather tedious. In this garden the late Weber was in the habit of meeting his friends, and would sometimes goodnaturedly correct the band if they misapprehended the style or time of his airs.—An opinion still prevails in Dresden that disappointment at the reception of Oberon in England hastened the composer's death—a mistake as to the fact; and even as far as emolument and the caresses of the fashionable world are concerned; the Germans formed their expectations of his success from their ignorance of the class of character which is calculated to make a man of genius the rage in England. The simplicity of manners which attends conscious talent will not do alone for a drawing-room in Grosvenor Square. When Rossini came among us, he assumed the man of fashion, and with it a stock of impudence as remote from a proper degree of self-respect as the extreme of servility would have been: he could sing, and though he did not complete the opera which he was to write in England, his ready pen and ready voice stood him in good stead, as may be remembered in the musical lamentations which he composed extempore on the death of Lord Byron. On that occasion the maestro himself was the mournful jackpudding wailing the loss that was gain to him with the happiest sorrow. By this craft, and by being the nightly lion of evening parties, he retired from England in the jovial possession of more thousands of pounds than has ever been acquired by any musician before or since in as many months. Had Weber possessed the same florid health and elastic spirits, and left behind him that baneful quality called modesty, he might have trebled the amount of his contract with the theatre.

'As all the actors, singers, and artists of the city frequent this garden, it is neither an unpleasant nor disagreeable occurrence to find oneself seated next to some person who the evening before was filling you and a whole room of company with admiration and pleasure. The applause of the public does not spoil the *bonhomme* of the man, and the repulsiveness of an overweening conceit is unknown. Every talented performer exerts himself to please, receives praise as his due, but forgets the next day to rate himself higher than his neighbour, whose only merit is good nature, and a discreet management of his pipe.

'The most noticeable music here given was some of the *sinfonias* of Beethoven and Haydn—the overtures to *Fidelio* and *Anacreon*, Mo-

zart's finales to *Don Juan* and *Figaro*, ably adapted, and the voice parts taken in for a band by Meyer, brother of the celebrated composer of that name. I will not say that this music was so dashing as it might have been by our philharmonic orchestra, but it was complete enough for those who enjoy the display of an author's mind more than the pride of perfect fiddling. Our artists play too well, which is a paradox of which the initiated will require no explanation. In this garden it is not unfrequent that concertos or solos on the bass trombone (the *pausan*, in Germany) are to be heard. The other evening there was a waltz with variations played, which for tone, the rapid tonguing of the notes, and extraordinary shifting, was delightful. On my complimenting the youth who had thus signalized himself, he smiled and said, "It requires good lungs;" a conviction which had pressed upon me before from seeing his inflated cheeks, and the suffusion of moisture on his skin. The cavity of his chest in supplying this enormous tube must have been at every blast as the exhausted receiver of an air-pump; and the appearance of exertion would have been laughable, had not the effect counteracted any tendency of that sort. It is no more possible to affect ease in an achievement of this kind, than it was for a stout man whom I once saw scrambling up a garden wall to get out of the reach of a mad dog that was pursued in full hue and cry down a country lane.

'The music in this garden is played in a kind of open summer-house, and the performers do not scruple, during the pauses, to avail themselves of certain ham sandwiches and sundry bottles of wine, thus repairing dilapidations of their spirits, and keeping up excitement. I found here a man, named Stephan, a good trumpeter, who had lived for many years at Brighton in the private band of the Prince Regent, but who preferred Dresden in spite of more work and less pay. England he thought a dear country, for, said he, "I must pay six-and-teenty paunds a-year for my leetle hause." Stephan said something more about his wife not liking our climate; but I saw plainly that he loved sociality, and thought our Sundays rather dull.'

Of Madame Scheckner, (a creature apparently of far superior intellectual claims to Mademoiselle Sontag,) our author speaks in terms of the warmest praise. He says,

'Of the *Iphigenia* of Mademoiselle Scheckner I cannot speak with any feeling short of rapture: a better voice, a more chastened style both in recitative and song, has never been heard on the stage—besides she has faith in the capability of Gluck. This *prima donna* is about eighteen years of age, and a visitor at Berlin from Munich: she is a beautiful girl, who gives up all her young enthusiasm to music, without an atom of that self-sufficiency which is too frequently taken for science. During the whole of this arduous attempt, I did not detect a single false intonation—which, by the by, was lucky, for the pit and boxes in Berlin are enormously critical, and can tell wrong notes from right ones. In the prayer, "O du die mir das leben gab," (O thou who gav'st me life,) she poured forth her whole soul; and it is one of those in the character of which Gluck particularly excels.'

'Mademoiselle Scheckner has, in sustaining the first part of a one act opera, entitled *Cordelia*, done more for her reputation as a singer than even by her performance in Gluck's opera. The music of this piece, which is by Kreutzer, more resembles one impassioned scena for a soprano than an opera; it is in a very grand style of composition, and very nearly an hour long. In a girl only eighteen years old I have

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never met with any attempt so arduous and so successful; and the last is owing entirely to her having an intense perception of her author's meaning, and a total destitution of vanity and affectation.

The Sontag herself, as she sat on her dramatic throne at Berlin, is thus introduced by our delightful author:—

'At the König Städtisches Theatre, (there are three here in constant play) Mademoiselle Sontag is the presiding deity—the goddess of the students and the Vestris of Berlin: and few there are whose hearts are fenced with such impenetrable buff as to rebel against her sovereignty, or refuse to adore. When the lady plays, the doors and lobby of the theatre are beset by all the wild youths of the city, each of whom would consider himself a traitor to the cause of beauty if he did not contribute all that in him lay to make the entrance as much like a bear-garden as possible: there is no such thing as attaining to a song here but at the expense of mobbing, rib-squeezing, and considerable condensation of the person. Those who expect to find in Mademoiselle Sontag a musical genius, will be disappointed: nor do I think her fame would have reached England, had it not been for certain circumstances of gossip unconnected with her profession. The lady is of middling height, well formed, with fair hair, and a set of little features which have a kind expression in them. To venture upon elaborate praise of the complexion and shape of an actress, as it may involve a eulogium on the perfumer or staymaker which is not intended for those worthies, would be imprudent as well as presumptuous. Mademoiselle Sontag has a pleasant quality of voice, with a small quantity of note in it, but with plenty of flexibility; an endowment which she displays so frequently, that if one could but check the fluttering, unstaple, whimsical little creature, a long-breathing clear note would be invaluable. Her highest praise is said to be, that she sings Rossini's music perfectly, and joins to this, great *naïveté* in her acting, and that such qualifications for a performer are seldom found in company.

'In a French opera by Auber, of which the German version is called *Der Schnee*, (The Snow,) Mademoiselle Sontag turns the heads of the whole town: in this piece the audience is charmed with every flourish, enraptured with every look, movement, or gesture; and as to her playfulness, it is seen with ecstasy. The fact is, that Mademoiselle Sontag is not tried at the severe tribunal of the German opera in Berlin, but sings at a theatre where three parts of the people come to see her alone, and among her admirers are certainly not to be reckoned those whose judgment in musical matters is of the clearest. The dispassionate unprejudiced listener discovers little more to admire in her roudades than he has heard hundreds of times in those of other singers. Mademoiselle Sontag has a distinct articulation, and deals in all the minutiae of refinement; but in a sustained *cantabile*, that sort of movement in which the soul of the singer looks out, she is lamentably deficient. It is the leaven of Catalani's bad style which has deteriorated the taste of the present day, and directly opposes it to a simple and natural mode of expression.'

We need say no more in recommendation of this Summer's Ramble; our quotations sufficiently bespeak its quality, and must induce a desire for a more intimate acquaintance with a work in which will be found many interesting particulars relative to music and its greatest professors: we would especially direct attention to the description of a visit to the Abbé Stadler, who possesses the manuscript of Mozart's Requiem.

Sketches and Reminiscences, principally of Paris. By J. DORAN. 12mo. pp. 220. London, 1828. S. Maunder.

THIS is the production of a light-hearted but acute observer of just so much of men and things as affords pleasant matter for the memorandum book, and agreeable exercise for the memory. It is a rich and vigorous outpouring of glowing imagery and vivid fancies, the only blemishes of which, (and these will not be set down as such by many readers,) are the waywardness and excess of a somewhat undisciplined imagination, and that carelessness of style which generally distinguishes the unpractised, and, (if we may use the term,) *unprofessional* writer. We have hinted that he is of a genial temperament; and assuredly he is not of the class to whom Arthur alludes when he says,

'I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness;'

on the contrary, he tells us in the opening article, (Vidoc,) that 'a life which has not yet attained its fifth lustre, has been hitherto undarkened by a single cloud.' In farther illustration of a rather uncommon spirit, (uncommon, at all events, in reference to authorship, and particularly to a first attempt,) we quote the brief prefatory address:—

'I am told that no book can enter the world without a formal introduction to the gentle reader, and that every author makes special observance to say a few words at the threshold of his work: in compliance with the custom, I have to inform my readers, that the following trifles, with the exception of one, have already appeared in the columns of *The Literary Chronicle*; that they have neither been written for fame nor *fain*; nor under the privations caused by disease or domestic calamity; I have no wife depending on my exertions, nor interesting little children crying to their father for bread and butter; I have too correct an opinion of this my first essay, to fear any animadversion from criticism; its unimportance (combined with the author's modesty) will be a sufficient safeguard to allow it to fret its hour and be forgotten. It will thus be seen that I have written for nobody's pleasure but my own, and that I publish at nobody's desire but the author's. I have been induced to do so by no overwrought flattery of over-kind friends: I have consulted none; and, in fact, have but few for whose opinion I care a straw. I offer, then, these *Sketches* to the reading world, without any particular anxiety concerning the result of a measure so rash; and should any one be alarmed at the ponderosity, or terrified at the superabundance of matter, why let him only try his patience on a few, and I will once again pray—

—“May the gods
Direct him to the best.”

We are spared the necessity of entering into a minute criticism of these *Sketches*, our readers being of course well acquainted with all the papers but that which Mr. Doran alludes to in the above quotation, and our insertion of them in the first instance being a sufficient evidence of our prepossession in their favour. That we have not been singular in this opinion we have had many opportunities of observing, and particularly as regards our contemporaries of the press. Several of the most respectable journals in the three kingdoms have copiously quoted the *Sketches*, and generally with an honourable acknowledgment of the source whence they were drawn. We can only call to mind one ex-

ception, in the case of a London evening paper, (the *Star*,) which took from our columns an interesting anecdotal portion of *A Carnival Adventure*, (the ninth paper in the volume,) without the slightest hint that it was a borrowed article. The additional sketch is entitled *A Friend of Mine*, and describes a species of *roué* who disturbs the peace of two sisters whom Mr. Doran thus prettily contrasts:—

'I once knew a pair who lived in a world of enchantment, the work of no magic but what they found in essentially contributing to each other's happiness; the elder was a creature all mildness and affection for her whom she held in her heart of hearts; her beauty was of the Penseroso cast, "her rapt soul sat in her eyes," and from that heavenly throne seemed to watch with a mother's solicitude over the welfare of her younger sister; the latter was the personification of health and gaiety; she seemed like a young envoy sent by the former "with rosy gifts upon her cheeks," and was the very beau ideal of Milton's *Allegro*, all smiles and beauty and good sense; they were, in all things but goodness, living contrasts; the elder, a blue eyed, fair-haired seraph, resembling some spirit of Religion wandering upon earth, the other made up of light-heartedness and innocence—easily excited and as easily dejected; she would shed tears, yet change them instantaneously to smiles, and was full of the "rainbow-joys that end in weeping."

The latter becomes the victim of the seducer who 'was what the world calls a man of talent, a pleasant companion, the life of society!'

'When I,' continues our author, 'first became acquainted with him, he was really an admiring and an admired member of a large circle of friends; he was a man whose greatest fault was, as Jean Jacques says, *d'être honteux et timide comme une vierge*; but he unfortunately fell into the habit of considering what men term amiable vices, as crimes of no such great magnitude; his talents, as a poet, were of no mean order, but he was as fickle in verse as he was in love, and used to quote the good *La Fontaine*, and smile at his own ability when he thought the quotation well applied. His outward appearance was every way calculated to please; his conversation sparkled with wit and intelligence, which he possessed the tact of displaying without any apparent effort of wishing to excite admiration; and, if his subject were satirical, he could mangle his victim with every visible demonstration of cool good humour; but the result proved that he had that within, which, in most cases, speedily swept away the first favourable impression he so well knew how to inspire; his passions were not "among pure thoughts hid;" of them he had but few,—they were coiled up, a torpid knot of venom,—

"Like serpents upon flow'rets sleeping;"

but only torpid till a fitting season roused the reptile from its slumber, to crawl forth from the retiring shades, and warm its loathsome mass in the bright sun. I sometimes fancy that I can remember the first time his heart inclined towards ill, but I have seen him so often since smiling in drawing-rooms with all the quiet unrestrained amiability of more worthy men, that, for any thing I now know to the contrary, he might, at the period of my introduction to him, have been playing a part, and inwardly meditating evil.

We must not draw too largely on the only paper which did not originally appear in this journal, and shall close our notice with observing, that Mr. Doran has inscribed the volume to his friend, Mr. Charles A. Win-

ser, an artist of very superior talent, and who is patronized by some of the most tasteful of our nobility. Among his works we may particularize a miniature of Mr. Moore, the only correct likeness we have seen. It was taken, by special permission, for the artist's benefit, but is neither to be sold nor copied. The portrait is invariably admired by the distinguished individuals to whom it has been submitted, is finished with peculiar care and delicacy, and has been praised by Sir Thomas Lawrence; it is, in fact, a bijou inestimable to Mr. Winsor, and cannot fail to introduce him to honourable repute.

NAPIER'S PENINSULAR WAR.
(Concluded from page 260.)

IN our last we expressed an intention of quoting some portion of Colonel Napier's able and interesting account of the situation of Sir John Moore, whose military talents he upholds with zeal—but zeal apparently which possesses truth and reason for its basis. We have seldom perused an apology for ill-success, (which, in the estimation of a liberal and considerate world, generally implies incapacity and every other vice or weakness,) which carries with it so much of forcible and convincing argument. We extract but the concluding portion of this spirited vindication—yet enough, we think, to substantiate our opinions, and hurry our readers to Col. Napier's volume:—

'Sir John Moore could not, with twenty-three thousand men, maintain himself against the whole French army, and until he reached Astorga, his flanks were always exposed. From thence, however, he retreated in comparative security; but the natural strength of the country, between that town and Corunna, misled persons of shallow judgment, who have since inconsiderately advanced many vague accusations, such as that passes where a hundred men could stop an army were lightly abandoned; that the retreat was a flight, and the general's judgment clouded by the danger of his situation. There might be some foundation for such observations, if military commanders were, like prize-fighters, bound to strike always at the front; but as long as armies are dependent for their subsistence and ammunition upon lines of communication, the safety of their flanks and rear must be considered as of consequence. Sir John Moore was perfectly aware that he could fight any number of men in some of the mountainous positions on the road to Corunna; but unless he could make a permanent defence, such battles would have been worse than useless, and a permanent defence was impossible, inasmuch as there were none but temporary magazines nearer than Corunna, and there were neither carriages of transport, nor money to procure them; a severe winter had just set in, and the province being poor, and the peasantry disinclined to aid the troops, few resources could be drawn from the country itself, neither was there a single position between Astorga and Corunna which could be maintained for more than a few days against a superior force, for that of Rodrigatos could be turned by the old road leading to Villa Franca, Villa Franca itself by the valley of the Syl, and from thence the whole line to Corunna might be turned by the road of Orense, which also led directly to Vigo, and until he reached Nogales, Sir J. Moore's intention was to retire to Vigo. The French could have marched through the richest part of Galicia to St. Jago and Corunna on the left, or from the Asturias, by the way of Mondonedo, on the right. If it be asked why they did not do so? the answer is prompt. The emperor having quitted the

army, the jealousies and misunderstandings usual between generals of equal rank impeded the operations. A coolness subsisted between Marshal Ney and the Duke of Dalmatia, and without entering into the grounds of their difference, it is plain that, in a military point of view, the judgment of the latter was the soundest. The former committed a great error by remaining at Villa Franca instead of pushing his corps, or a part of it, (as recommended by Soult,) along the valley of Orense to St. Jago de Compostella. The British army would have been lost if the sixth corps had reached Corunna before it; and what would have been the chances in the battle if three additional French divisions had been engaged?

'Granting, therefore, that the troops could have been nourished during the winter, Villa Franca, Nogales, Constantino, and Lugo, were not permanently defensible by an army whose base of operations was at Corunna. Hence it was that Sir John Moore resolved to regain his ships, with the view to renew the war in the south, and Hannibal himself could have done no more. Nor was the mode of executing the retreat at all unbecoming the character of an able officer.

'Lord Bacon observes, that "honourable retreats are no ways inferior to brave charges, as having less of fortune, more of discipline, and as much of valour." That is an honourable retreat in which the retiring general loses no trophies in fight, sustains every charge without being broken, and finally, after a severe action, re-embarks his army in the face of a superior enemy without being seriously molested. It would be honourable to effect this before a foe only formidable from numbers, but it is infinitely more creditable, when the commander, while struggling with bad weather and worse fortune, has to oppose veterans with experienced troops, and to contend against an antagonist of eminent ability, who scarcely suffers a single advantage to escape him during his long and vigorous pursuit. All this Sir John Moore did, and finished his work by a death as firm and glorious as any that antiquity can boast of.

'Put to Lord Bacon's test, in what shall the retreat to Corunna be found deficient? something in discipline perhaps, but that fault does not attach to the general. Those commanders who have been celebrated for making fine retreats, were, in most instances, well acquainted with their armies; and Hannibal, speaking of the elder Scipio, derided him, although a brave and skilful man, for that, being unknown to his own soldiers, he should presume to oppose himself to a general who could call to each man under his command by name: thus inculcating, that, unless troops be trained in the peculiar method of a commander, the latter can scarcely achieve any thing great. Now, Sir John Moore had a young army suddenly placed under his guidance, and it was scarcely united, when the superior numbers of the enemy forced it to a retrograde movement under very harassing circumstances; he had not time, therefore, to establish a system of discipline, and it is in the leading events, not the minor details, that the just criterion of his merits is to be sought for.

'Was the retreat uncalled for? Was it unnecessarily precipitate? Was any opportunity of crippling the enemy lost? Was any weakness to be discovered in the personal character of the general? These are the questions that sensible men will ask; the first has been already examined, the second is a matter of simple calculation. The rear guard quitted Astorga on the 1st of January; on the 3rd, it repulsed the enemy in a sharp skirmish at Calcabelos; the 6th it rejoined the main body at Lugo, having three times checked the pursuers during the march. It was unbroken, and lost

no gun, suffered no misfortune; the whole army offered battle at Lugo for two successive days, it was not accepted, and the retreat recommencing, the troops reached Betanzos on the morning of the 10th, and Corunna on the 11th; thus in eleven days, three of which were days of rest, a small army passed over a hundred and fifty miles of good road. Now Napoleon, with fifty thousand men, left Madrid on the 22nd of December, the 28th he was at Villapando, having performed a march, on bad roads, of a hundred and sixty-four miles in seven days. The retreat to Corunna was consequently not precipitate, unless it can be shown that it was unnecessary to retreat at all beyond Villa Franca, neither can it be asserted, that any opportunity of crippling the enemy was lost. To fight a battle was the game of the French marshal, and if any censure will apply to his able campaign, it is that he delayed to attack at Lugo; victorious or beaten, the embarrassments of his adversary must have been increased; Sir John Moore must have continued his retreat encumbered with the wounded, or the latter must have been abandoned without succour in the midst of winter.

'At Corunna, the absence of the fleet necessarily brought on a battle; that it was honourable to the British troops is clear, from the fact that they embarked without loss after the action; and that it was absolutely necessary to embark, notwithstanding the success, is as certain a proof how little advantage could have been derived from any battle fought farther inland, and how prudently Sir John Moore acted, in declining an action the moment he had rallied his army at Lugo, and restored that discipline which the previous movements had shaken; but, notwithstanding the clamour with which this campaign has been assailed, as if no army had ever yet suffered such misfortunes, it is certain that the nominal loss was small, the real loss smaller, and that it sinks into nothing when compared with the advantages gained. An army which, after marching in advance or retreat above five hundred miles before an enemy of immensely superior force, has only lost, including those killed in battle, four thousand men, or a sixth part of its numbers, cannot be said to have suffered severely, nor would the loss have been so great but for the intervention of the accidental occurrences mentioned in the narrative. Night marches are seldom happy; that from Lugo to Betanzos cost the army in stragglers more than double the number of men lost in all the preceding operations; nevertheless, the reserve in that, as in all the other movements, suffered little; and it is a fact, that the light brigades detached by the Vigo road, which were not pursued, made no forced marches, slept under cover, and were well supplied, left, in proportion to their strength, as many men behind as any other part of the army; thus accumulating proof upon proof that inexperience was the primary and principal cause of the disorders which attended the retreat. Those disorders were sufficiently great, but many circumstances contributed to produce an appearance of suffering and disorganization which was not real. The intention of Sir John Moore was, to have proceeded to Vigo, in order to restore order before he sailed for England: instead of which, the fleet steered home directly from Corunna; a terrible storm scattered it; many ships were wrecked, and the remainder, driving up the channel, were glad to put into any port. The soldiers, thus thrown on shore, were spread from the Land's End to Dover. Their haggard appearance, ragged clothing, and dirty accoutrements, things common enough in war, struck a people only used to the daintiness of parade, with surprise; the usual exaggerations of men just escaped from perils and distresses were in-

creased as to the result from the hospitaliers, and a great opportunity less gained instead of a severe refreshment for in a future history the marshal, Soult, or be no or "Sir every action oppose a he finished credit to "Napoleon he commenced attributing his talents English "In Duke of when he considered sent off the halt opinion war, and Spanish understood after the It is timents volume of our shall work of important The Pri 8vo. Those or Pour hend the nedy, wh apposite vening v of the in comm the passi degrees, represent rietta. dreamed tween his we will In the that the title, entrance and This, wh dignified induces

creased by the uncertainty in which all were as to the fate of their comrades; a deadly fever, the result of anxiety, and of the sudden change from fatigue to the confinement of a ship, filled the hospitals at every port with officers and soldiers, and thus the miserable state of Sir John Moore's army became the topic of every letter, and a theme for every country newspaper along the coast. The nation, at that time unused to great operations, forgot that war is not a harmless game, and judging of the loss positively, instead of comparatively, was thus disposed to believe the calumnies of interested men, who were eager to cast a shade over one of the brightest characters that ever adorned the country. Those calumnies triumphed for a moment; but Moore's last appeal to his country for justice will be successful. Posterity, revering and cherishing his name, will visit such of his odious calumniators as are not too contemptible to be remembered with a just and severe retribution; for thus it is that time freshens the beauty of virtue and withers the efforts of baseness; and if authority be sought for in a case where reason speaks so plainly, future historians will not fail to remark, that the man whose talents exacted the praises of Soult, of Wellington, and of Napoleon, could be no ordinary soldier.

"Sir John Moore," says the first, "took every advantage that the country afforded to oppose an active and vigorous resistance, and he finished, by dying in a combat that must do credit to his memory."

"Napoleon more than once affirmed, that if he committed a few trifling errors, they were to be attributed to his peculiar situation, for that his talents and firmness alone had saved the English army from destruction.

"In Sir John Moore's campaign," said the Duke of Wellington, "I can see but one error; when he advanced to Sahagun, he should have considered it as a movement of retreat, and sent officers to the rear to mark and prepare the halting-places for every brigade; but this opinion I have formed after long experience of war, and especially of the peculiarities of a Spanish war, which must have been seen to be understood; finally, it is an opinion formed after the event."

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the sentiments of approval which the merits of this volume have elicited from us in the course of our review,—we need only say that we shall watch with anxiety the progress of a work of such stirring interest and national importance.

The Prima Donna: a Tale of To-Day. Post 8vo. pp. 330. London, 1828. E. Bull.

Those who have read Maturin's *Woman*, or *Pour et Contre*, can alone fully comprehend the force of the beautiful lines of Kennedy, which the present author has rather inappositely chosen for his motto. The 'ravens vulture,' which preyed upon the heart of the magnificent Zaira, possesses nothing in common with the insignificant worm, (if the passion of love, in its various forms and degrees, *must* be thus personified,) which is represented as disturbing the peace of Henrietta. But as the author could never have dreamed of instituting this comparison between his *Prima Donna*, and that of Maturin, we will not pursue it farther.

In the preface, it is candidly acknowledged that the volume has received its sounding title, entirely in consequence of the appearance amongst us of the popular Sontag. This, which we do not take to be the most dignified of impulses, and which inevitably induces one to suspect an author of mere

mercenary motives, may perhaps ensure the book a success to which, assuredly, it has no other claim.

There are four distinct articles, viz. an Introductory Sketch of Female Character, The *Prima Donna*, The Fortunes of Charles Edward, and a Tale of Humble Life. The first is a rhapsodical essay, in which woman, in her several relations of mother, daughter, sister, and wife, is eulogised very much after the manner of Counsellor Phillips, or, at least, of what *was* his manner, before experience somewhat tempered and subdued the fervour of his oratorical spirit. The second we shall notice at length presently, the third is an episode in the history of the pretender, and is rather spiritedly related; and the fourth, which is what its title designates it, a Tale of Humble Life, contains several graceful and pathetic scenes.

Before we offer some account of the principal tale, we must enter our most earnest protest against the unpardonable negligences which disfigure almost every page (we had nearly written every *sentence*) of the volume. The grossest grammatical errors stare us in the face wherever we turn, and deform even the most successful of the author's occasionally clever descriptions. It is, however, only just to mention that the author apologises for his inability to superintend the volume in its progress through the press; and states that, in consequence, 'he has gladly availed himself of the kind assistance of a friend.' Never again let him trust this 'friend' in literary revision, for his deficiency in either zeal or ability, is rendered miserably clear, by the innumerable blunders to which we have referred.

The first chapter of the *Prima Donna* introduces us to a sentimental 'young stranger,' of the name of Linden, who, at a restaurateur's in Leipzig, encounters the Baron Von Puffendorff, and a little fat French abbé. The whole conversation of the trio turns upon the arrival of La Rosignuola, who is about to 'bewitch the eyes, transport the hearts, and fascinate the senses,' of the good folks of Leipzig. The baron and the abbé are humorously sketched, and the contest for tickets possesses some features of the ludicrous and the terrific, which are managed with great effect.

At the theatre, Linden (whom the reader already perceives to be an important personage in the story) obtains an excellent seat, a short distance from the stage, and commanding a full view of the house:—

'By a successful *ruse* he had separated himself from the talkative abbé and his smoking companion, and he suffered his imagination to run wild on the scene he was about to enjoy.

'But a short time removed from the university of Hallé, the world and its attractions were to him as yet an untried mine. The visions which he had fed in retirement were now ripe with over excitement, and all that he had ever dreamed of beauty, splendour, and pleasure, seemed about to be realized. The dazzling of the chandeliers, and the soft flood of light they emitted—the beauty of the female forms, and the soft perfumes stealing through the heated atmosphere, joined with the exquisite tones of melody, spread a languid voluptuousness over him, and its delusion was only heightened by the rising of the curtain.

'The first scene passed over ineffectively; there was evidently too strong an excitement amongst the audience to enjoy it. But in the

second, the object of enthusiasm presented herself, and in a moment every eye was directed to one concentrating focus. It was she—the lovely Rosignuola.

'A thousand voices uttered her name—a thousand hands expressed a heartfelt welcome. But she herself, the darling of a thousand eyes, stood before them, and *no one looked conscious but herself* of the tumultuous and deafening joy her presence occasioned. Radiant with loveliness, beaming with the attributes of virtue and high intellect, she seemed to stand rather like the embodiment of some beautiful creation of a poet's dream, than a being of mortality—or, to approach nearer to earth, as one of Canova's lovely nymphs, full of grace, innocence, and simplicity.

'Her age could scarcely have been above twenty, and her features exhibited the rare combination of girlish simplicity, with the striking attributes of intellectual eminence. Her figure was petite, but of perfect symmetry; her eyes, which seemed stolen from the skies, were bent downwards with the excess of her feelings, and, with their trembling lids, gave her the mild and spiritual expression of a Madonna of Carlo Dolce, while her cheeks, flushed with the lofty expression of genius, bordered beyond even the painter's inspiration.

'She raised her white graceful arm, and if a sculptor had beheld her exquisite hands and feet, he would have forsworn her art unless he could have obtained a model for them. Her hair, which was of a light auburn, hung in grape-like clusters round her swan-like neck, and a smile, perpetually hovering round her mouth, displaying a row of the whitest pearls in the shape of teeth, had that ineffable sweetness which communicates the gladness of the owner's heart to all who witness it.

'No one who has seen the lovely original can charge this faint picture of her personal charms as being exaggerated or overdrawn, and if its want of complete identity can be traced, it must be from the impossibility of description giving an idea of them.

'But there was more than personal beauty that rivetted the spectator's gaze—there was the soul of the enchantress, struggling through her features, giving beauty, character, and elevation to her corporeal charms—a grace and elegance pervading every motion, which thrilled from heart to heart, as if led by the chain of a galvanic power.

'It might have been the effect of happy consciousness in thus seeing herself the idol of a thousand admiring faces, and the object of communicating joy so easily, that overpowered her for a moment; but raising her eyes, which laughed with the exuberance of the joyfulness of her bosom, she curtsied reverently, and proceeded with the business of her character.'

'The first air of the singer was the divine conception of Rossini's, "Una voce poco fa." It seemed more like the gentle outpouring of a grateful breast, of sweet thoughts and playful ideas, than the full tide of fervent passion, which the spectators appeared to have anticipated. But the music spoke to the enthusiastic Linden's heart in a language already familiar to him, it was the language of feeling, and the words were also "familiar sounds." The harmonious syllables of the sweet south, brought its blue skies, its placid streams, and its heaven-capped mountains to his mind, with many a passionate recollection, and filling his eyes with pleasant tears at the retrospection. The cunning hand of the master struck every chord of his heart, which yet lay dormant; and while his ear drank the sweet sounds of her captivating melody, his eye revelled on her charms, and every sense seemed to lull him into a state of happy unconsciousness. He, at

last, seemed only sensible of the conclusion of the evening's performance, which had passed before his heated imagination, like a glittering and gorgeous pageantry of brief duration, by the uproar, which testified that the feelings of the audience were in accordance with his own. The whole house was standing, the gentlemen waving their hats, clapping their hands, and beating with their canes, as if to give vent by their vociferation to the strong excitement of their feelings, while the gentler portion of the audience testified their delight by waving their handkerchiefs and throwing flowers on the stage.

The intrigues of Rosignuola's rivals, the various characters who crowd the drawing-room of the vocalist, the overture of a certain Lord Rainbow, and the rencontres between this lord and Linden, (whom we discover to be Prince Christian Ernest Linden Von Es-senburg!!) we cannot enter into; but we transcribe a lively scene, in which all these, more or less, participate:—

"A cessation was here put to any further conversation on that subject, by the counsellor producing a newspaper containing a critique on the previous evening's performance. Our learned friend, who was most anxious to insinuate himself into the good graces of the prima donna, of whom he was a professed though distant admirer, thought this was a golden opportunity of evincing both his admiration and critical acumen. With what portion of good taste, as may be easily estimated, he hemmed—cleared his throat—and prepared to read aloud the criticism in the presence of the charming individual to whom it referred.

"THEATRE, LEIPZIG.

"This evening, being the night fixed for the first appearance, on this stage, of the beautiful nightingale of the north, La——"

"In charity sake! my good sir, proceed no further!" exclaimed Rosignuola, as her cheek was suffused with blushes, at thus finding herself so marked an object of public admiration, which she thought testified an inordinate vanity in listening to. The counsellor, however, halted not, in spite of her remonstrance.

"The theatre was crammed to an overflow, for long before the opening of the doors one ticket alone remained undisposed of, and whose possession was even contested for at the point of the sword. On her appearance, by the enthusiasm manifested, there seemed to be no feeling amongst the audience that the hyperbolic language, which had been previously lavished in her praise, was inappropriate and undeserved." Poor Rosignuola seemed in a most uncomfortable situation, as if hesitating at what course to pursue. If she left the room she knew, with the customary liberality with which the private actions of individuals in her sphere of life are viewed, that her quitting it would be thought as a false assumption of modesty on her own part; or what, from the goodness of her heart, rather than respect to the majority of her visitors, she dreaded more, be construed into a contempt of their society. As if at a loss how to act, she turned her eyes on Linden, and from a glance she seemed to read approval, and again seated herself. The counsellor proceeded—

"Of her voice and execution it is not in language to do justice; it is of extraordinary compass, melody, and power, reaching to an extent that at once dazzles and enchants the auditor."

"Bravo! bravissimo!" echoed throughout the room; "how perfectly true! how just are the sentiments!"

"The very words that I should have made use of myself," cried the abbé, determined to share in the honours of the moment.

"Who can the author be? what is his name? happy man to have the power of expressing what every one feels so ardently."

"Who can it be," said the abbé, his chubby face brightening with the discovery, "but the worthy lawyer himself." The room resounded with acclamations.

"Nay, gentlemen, you really must excuse me—oh! Sirs, you do me too much honour;—I the author—you flatter me, indeed, too much," said the barrister, with a sheepish look of self-congratulation, in which his manner, as he wished, totally belied every word of what he was uttering.

"No equivocation—no denial is necessary;—oh! felicitous disciple of Aristarchus!"

The counsellor looked, as individuals of peculiar modesty, on the receipt of favours which they are not deserving of, are inclined to do, and with a satisfactory air recommended.

"But"—had he met a basilisk he could not have stared more wofully than he did at that monosyllable. He had arrived at the supplementary part, which was added by the connivance of the histrionic rivals—"But"—

"Well, why do you stop?" cried a dozen voices.

"In paying this faint tribute to the charms and talents of this popular vocalist, we must not suffer our admiration to get the better of our judgment." The dewy drops began to distil from beneath the periwig of the lawyer, and rolled down his changing visage. He paused again.

"Proceed!" was echoed by Lord Rainbow, who saw the trap into which the vain would-be critic had fallen, and enjoyed the joke with the most malicious *goût*.

"Indeed you must," said the lovely object of the comments; "I have been weak enough to sit quietly to hear all in my praise, pray favour me with what you have thought worth censuring. I shall at all times esteem him as my friend, who reprobates my faults rather than endeavours to weaken my judgment by indiscriminate flattery."

"She has faults, and those neither small nor few, (the counsellor groaned aloud!) which time and great perseverance can only lessen, but which we are afraid can never be totally eradicated. She is, in fact, a pretty trifle, and nothing more; and we perfectly agree with the observation of a most exalted vocalist, who of course must be perfectly uninfluenced in her judgment, 'that she is at the head of her class, but that class is far from being the first.' How, in the name of wonder and presumption, she was ever carried away by the follies of an illiterate multitude, to aspire to the lofty height of a prima donna, is to us most ridiculous and unaccountable."

The whole of this citation was literally conveyed by the counsellor in absolute agony; starting from his chair, he dashed the luckless journal on the floor, and exclaimed—

"It is false, it is not mine, it is all of those rascally editors putting in, they have altered the conclusion—the whole of mine was in the exaggerated strain of flattery."

Here a general laugh stopped the irritated wrangler. The abbé was in ecstasies, and jumped and frisked about the room in extravagant joy. The baron himself could not but relax his rigid muscles into a smile as he quietly observed—"It is very good indeed." Linden, although less clamorous than any, could not resist the ludicrous *denouement*, and rubbed his hands with satisfaction at the lawyer's discomfiture.

"Nay, Mr. Wagner, why are you so delicate?" said Henrietta, approaching him with a conciliatory smile, as he was about rushing from the room; you must not, indeed, forego

the acknowledgment due to your candour and sincerity, however severely expressed."

"You really then believe, madam, I wrote that part of the critique."

"Indeed, the style, Mr. Wagner, of both the complimentary and censoring passages is too obviously similar to render a doubt of their being from the same pen."

"Confusion seize the paper! oh! cursed vanity that ever prompted me to appropriate to myself that which did not belong to me. D—n me if I will ever set foot into a theatre again, and if I don't commence actions against every individual connected with the infamous gazette on the first sitting of the court."

Away went the counsellor down the stairs as fast as he could rush, while the shouts of laughter, which his precipitate exit occasioned, rung on his ears like a hellish chorus of infuriated demons.

After this, Linden and Henrietta are left alone, and Linden says 'Madam,' and Henrietta replies, 'Sir,' and then they are confused, and then they look at each other, and then they withdraw their eyes, and then they colour deeply. The interest deepens: Rosignuola asks Linden to be seated, and he observes that 'it is a lovely day.' Henrietta seems the most self-possessed, and she shows off accordingly:—

Seizing on some point of his remarks, she turned the conversation to romance and poetry, and spoke not only in glowing terms of their native authors, but of those of foreign climes, with whom she was evidently as well acquainted.

She presented to his mind the luxuriant descriptions of La Motte Fouque, and his fertile fancy—of the sublime flights and daring and grotesque imagination of Goëthe—and the romantic fervour and intense feeling of Schiller; and whether her memory revelled in the recalling of the beautiful Undine, melting into her native element, like the foam of a playful sea, or a wreath of snow falling on the shining surface of the water—or her heart expanded with the recollection of a passionate scene from the Robbers, his eye was lit by the enthusiasm of her's, and his soul swelled with the same glowing recollection. She spoke with the same charming fluency and felicity of judgment, on the sublime creations of a Milton and a Dante—of the universality of Shakspeare—and dwelt with pensive delight on the intense feeling and voluptuous tenderness of Byron and Moore.

Linden was transported, surprised, and excited by a new-born impulse. He seemed lifted above himself, and the many high-born faculties of his mind, which, until that moment had slept in proud consciousness of their intrinsic worth, burst from his lips in a stream of glowing and impassioned eloquence.

"And can it be possible, lovely girl," after a pause, he exclaimed, "that you, with a mind and soul so superior to your sex, should have made the profession you have adopted your choice?"

The fair creature mournfully shook her clustering ringlets, as she expressed the reverse. She then, with an expression of confidence beaming from her eyes, related the principal events of her life.

She commenced by stating, that, at the unconscious age of five years, she was placed on the stage by her parents, who were in the same profession; even at that early age she obtained such success, as made it an object to her family, in obliging her to continue there, as an additional resource to their worldly means. It seemed, she went on to say, that, as she had breathed no other atmosphere, save that of a play-house, all her feelings must have been concentrated within its walls. But she owned

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to the vanity of suspecting she was born for better things, and with an amiable enthusiasm related all her childish dreams of ambition, and intellectual superiority.

"When she came to another stage of her history she was evidently affected, and with difficulty restrained her tears; her voice quivered, as she related how at the age of nine she lost her father, and the short space which followed that deprived her of her only remaining parent. She sobbed at the recollection. But her voice grew firmer when she spoke of the necessity she found of keeping the strictest guard over herself and character, as her charms began to be the theme of popular conversation. She blushed when she spoke of the temptations which, even at an early age, beset her, and her eyes were filled with a modest fire when she told how easily she overcame them.

"But why, charming Henrietta, for by that name I must address you, did you not renounce so public a profession, that must so frequently have afforded opportunities of wounding the delicacy of your feelings?"

"Without a relative or a friend to whom I could look for support, even were I inclined to undergo that obligation—with a spirit unfortunately too high for a servile situation, and perhaps, deservedly or not, with the consciousness of superior talents, what line of life, as a female, could I have adopted but the one to which destiny has irrevocably fixed me? You men may grasp the sword or wield the pen—you have the senate, the court, the camp, and the battle field, for the venting forth of your ambition, but we have none but that which seems hardly compatible with the retiring delicacy of a woman's breast."

"True, fatally true!" silently ejaculated Linden.

"Besides, there was another reason which forced me to consider the stage as my profession," she held her head on one side, as the warm blood mounted on her cheek. He looked, as if inquiring for the cause, and she took from a marble slab a jewelled case containing two miniatures, which she kissed fondly.

"For the sake of those who these painted emblems represent have I suffered all! These are my two young sisters, who, at the time of my parent's death were left unprotected, and unprotected. For their welfare have I endured all, and it is to them that I owe all my success. It was the thought of them that animated me in my moments of triumph, and it was their recollection which sustained me through the perils and temptations with which my early career was environed. Do you blame me now?"

"Do I blame you, Henrietta? No; can you ask me?" He gazed on her with eyes overflowing with admiration and gleaming with passion. A sudden flash seemed to dart through his soul, he fell on his knees before her and seized her hand, and imprinted on it a burning kiss. Henrietta was surprised, and attempted to withdraw her hand—she did not succeed, and, as he pressed it, it trembled within his own. Her whole frame was agitated.

"I have offended you—pardon my boldness, Henrietta. It may be madness—it may be folly; but Heaven itself knows my heart, when I call upon it to witness, that never until this moment did I know the happiness of existence."

"Rise, Mr. Linden, we are as yet but strangers," she exclaimed, as with a dignified air she drew her hand from his clasp.

"I know in the language of the world we are still but strangers; but there is a kindred of the soul, which expresses at once—that concentrates in a glance all that years could convey—Henrietta, from the first moment I saw you, I loved you!"

"Oh! Mr. Linden, these are but words—but words which daily insult my ear. I could not—I thought not to have heard such from you."

"Before mine eyes had been blessed with your sight, I felt some destiny was hanging over me—my heart trembled with the consciousness that my fate was about to be sealed for ever."

"This is but rhapsody, but idle talk, Mr. Linden," faintly uttered the being he addressed.

"Speak not so—they are words burning from my heart! It is presumption to express—madness to hope—call me but your friend."

"Be worthy of the title, and I will ever think of you as such," and she spoke these words in an assumed calmness, but a tear fell on his burning forehead—he hid his face with his hands—she sighed audibly and deeply—he leant forward, but she collected herself. She motioned for him to leave her, and bent her beautiful blue eyes towards the ground. He rose to take his leave, but before he quitted the apartment, the first kiss of love was imprinted on her unresisting lips.

Our songstress triumphs over tremendous temptations, and ultimately becomes the wife of Linden, and 'the acknowledged participator of a regal crown.' Among the sketches of character is one of a foreigner of distinction, who is said to be much annoyed by it.

Historia de la Revolucion de la Republica de Colombia. Por JOSE MANUEL RESTREPO, Secretario del Interior del Poder Ejecutivo de la misma Republica. 10 vol. 12mo. Paris, 1827. London, Rolandi. *A History of the Revolution of the Republic of Columbia, &c. &c.*

WE have just taken a cursory and rapid view of this interesting work, which is intended to complete the history of the insurrection and independence of the *ci-devant* Spanish colonies. It is not now our intention to present our readers with any extracts, but merely to express the judgment which our hasty examination has enabled us to form of this history. It appears to possess accuracy and exactitude in its details, and reason and impartiality in its opinions; the style of the narrative is simple yet animated; the portraits of several of the most distinguished personages of the Colombian Revolution are extremely correct, and from the present specimen of the abilities of el Senor Restrepo, it is much to be wished that the public were in possession of the complete work, of which the author here offers us merely the outline.

He divides the important subject which he proposes to treat of into three great parts; the first of which only is included in the ten volumes now before us; it comprises the events of Cundinamarca and of Quito, from 1808 to the campaign in the plains of Casanare in 1819, which led to the celebrated day of Boyaca, when the history of Venezuela becomes incorporated with that of the other great divisions of Columbia. The second division, according to the author's statement, is to comprise the special revolution of Venezuela up to the same epoch, after which the history of these two great countries becomes one and the same, forming that of Columbia properly so called, and which is to be the subject of the third division. The first of the ten volumes, now published, contains a summary description of the physical aspect of the country, its climate, and productions. We are also presented with a tolerably just

idea of its political, judicial, and literary constitution, whilst under the dominion of the Spaniards; we are shown the changes introduced by the republican government, and have statistical results laid before us relative to the ancient Venezuela, New Grenada, and Columbia as it now is, much more complete than any that have hitherto reached us. The introduction and this first portion of the history, which extends to the seventh volume, are succeeded by two series of documents, extremely curious, and for the most part quite new, or at least very difficult to be met with elsewhere. Each of the three grand divisions of the work is to be followed by a similar series of documents. The three last volumes of the division now before us contain such as relate to the history of New Grenada. We shall content ourselves with adding, that the author prefers truth to every other consideration, although the narration of certain facts, which necessarily affect him both as a Columbian and a member of the government, sometimes inflames him rather beyond the bounds of that impassibility which is necessary for inspiring perfect confidence. On the other hand, we behold him always on the watch for opportunities of manifesting not merely justice, but even generosity towards those Spaniards, who in the course of the struggle proved themselves worthy of praise for their wisdom and moderation. Moreover, his most serious accusations against the enemies of the independence are all supported by unquestionable authorities, and are such as historical severity can neither palliate nor overlook. Generosity towards an enemy is less uncommon in an historian than severe criticism; yet the latter is by far the most essential, in order to strain certain facts of those embellishments with which imagination and credulity love to invest them, whenever they relate to the avengers of or martyrs to the cause of freedom. The History of Columbia, by Senor Restrepo, is remarkable for this very severity, exercised too against his own countrymen; perhaps so noble a characteristic may for a time diminish the number of its admirers, but its merit will be the greater in the estimation of all judicious readers, who prefer truth to every thing else.

The Adventures of Hajji Baba, of Ispahan, in England. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 658. London, 1828. Murray.

THE announcement of the adventures of our amusing friend, Hajji Baba, in England, will, we conceive, occasion the reading world anxiously (we use Hajji's own phraseology,) 'to open the eyes of astonishment upon the prospect of novelty.' For ourselves, we gratefully confess that we have rarely enjoyed the luxury of a hearty laugh more frequently or more unrestrainedly, than during the perusal of this right humorous narrative. The grotesque wonder of Hajji, and the other members of the embassy, (to which he is secretary, and which consists of Mirza Firouz, the ambassador—Mohammed Beg, the master of the ceremonies—Ismael Beg, *nazir*, or steward—Aga Beg, master of the horse—a footman, two head-grooms, a carpet-spreader, barber, &c.,) when they first became acquainted with the mysteries of an English vessel, will form an entertaining specimen of the first volume:—

'The ambassador having received intelligence

from 'Giaour Ismir,' that a ship was in readiness to receive him and his suite, in order to convey him to London, (for so is the foot of the English throne called,) we proceeded on our journey in the same manner as we had travelled from Persia, with this difference, that Dilefirib, the Circassian, who now had been put under the special charge of the two black slaves, Mahboob and Seid, was mounted upon a mule, closely veiled from head to foot. Having passed the two large cities of Brousa and Manesia, traversing a country which produces every thing that can contribute to the happiness and well-being of man, we at length reached the city of our destination, situated on the borders of a magnificent bay, and called Infidel, because it harbours many European merchants, many Greeks, and many Armenians, who drink wine openly, and whose hogs are allowed to walk about the streets. Upon entering it, we blew over our shoulders, to keep the impurity of its inhabitants from us, and then took up our quarters in a house which the Turkish government had been enjoined to prepare for the ambassador's reception.

'We had been greeted a parasang before our entry into the city, by the young Inglis, who, in quality of mehmandar, had proceeded from Constantinople to prepare our way; and he informed the ambassador that two ships were in readiness, the one, as he described it, a large ship belonging to the shah of his country, destined for the use of the embassy; and another hired from a merchant, for the purpose of conveying the horses. He assured us that every thing was ready for our reception, that all the provisions were on board, sheep for our *kabobs*, goats for our milk, fowls, geese, ducks, and turkeys, and plenty of water. There was only one thing which he wished to ascertain, namely, whether the ambassador liked to sleep in a bed which, by his description, was made to move backwards and forwards, or one which remained stationary.

'Ignorant as we were of the nature of a ship, and of every circumstance attending a sea life, we became much puzzled at his questions. In the first place, that a ship should, from his description, be a farm yard, containing all the animals he had enumerated, surprised us not a little; but why a bed should be made to move about was extremely puzzling; and why it should even be a question, whether a man should lie quiet, or be tossed backwards and forwards, was still to be explained; and therefore the ambassador wisely left the matter at rest for the present, until we should be better able to judge for ourselves.

'This, and various other circumstances, gave us great matter for discussion, and increased our impatience to see the Frank ship, and all the wonders which we anticipated that it would contain. The mehmandar was not aware of the circumstance which had added the Circassian to our party, and as he was acquainted with our customs, which required the seclusion of women from the gaze of men, he hastened on board to make the necessary arrangements, and left us to prepare our baggage for immediate departure.

'The ambassador was very anxious not to leave the shore and set foot on board, except at a fortunate hour; and he consulted thereupon his master of ceremonies, Mohamed Beg, who had a good knowledge of astrology, having studied for some time under the celebrated Mirza Cossim, of Ispahan. He did not discover any fortunate conjunction of the planets for a week to come; and we were making up our minds to remain quietly smoking the pipe of patience, when, the second morning after our arrival at Smirna, our baggage having been embarked the day before, the mehmandar, attended by the captain of the ship, came to an-

nounce that all was ready, that the wind was fair, and that we must embark. This had not met the ambassador's calculation, and he positively said that he would not stir. The want of a good moment, said he, was not to be disregarded; and whatever any body else might think, he for his part valued his life and the beard upon his chin too much, to commence such a hazardous undertaking as that of embarking upon a ship commanded by infidels, to go to infidels' countries, without having the full sanction of his own astrologers. He was strengthened in his resolution by Mohamed Beg, who, strong in his science, and obstinate in his converse with the heavens, declared, that to go merely at the invitation of an infidel, who, because the wind blew fair, thought that no other requisite was wanting to a prosperous voyage, would be downright madness; and accordingly they both resolved that nothing should make them stir. In vain both mehmandar and captain said, that the most fortunate moment surely was that when the wind was fair; and that if they permitted it to shift, they might not be able to sail for many a week; nothing could avail, and they were about to walk away in despair, when, as the best of all good luck would have it, the ambassador sneezed twice. Every one having complimented him, he said, "This is a good omen; if the stars were now but propitious, what an excellent moment for departure!" At that very instant Mohamed Beg also sneezed twice! We were all in ecstasy. "Praise be to God, and thanks to Allah!" came from every lip, and there was not a dissenting voice; the omen was too strongly pronounced, that further objections should be made, and the ambassador immediately announced his readiness to proceed.

'We then without delay, putting our right legs foremost on crossing the threshold of the house, proceeded in a body to the beach, where boats had been provided to take us on board. There seemed to be considerable ceremony among the Franks on this occasion. The ambassador and I, and one of his slaves bearing his shoes, were placed in the largest boat with the mehmandar and the captain; whilst another conveyed the rest of the suite and the Circassian. The head of the stable, with his grooms and stable-boys, were embarked on board the horse ship.

'We had reached the frigate all but about one maidan, when, wonderful to behold, at the sound of a shrill whistle, out jumped hundreds of what we took to be rope-dancers; for none but the celebrated Kheez-Ali of Shiraz, inimitable throughout Asia for his feats on the tight rope, could have done what they did. They appeared to balance themselves in rows upon ropes scarcely perceptible to the eye, ascending higher and higher in graduated lines, until on the very tip-top of the mast stood, what we imagined to be either a gin or a dive, for nothing mortal surely ever attempted such a feat. We had no sooner reached the deck whither we had all been whisked up (the blessed Ali best knows how,) than instantly such discharges of cannon took place, that with excess of amazement our livers turned into water, and our brains were dried up.

'"In the name of Allah!" exclaimed the elchi, "what does this mean? Is this hell? or is it meant for heaven? What news are arrived?" All this he was exclaiming whilst the captain, standing before him, made low bows, and seemed to claim his admiration. And it was only when the firing had ceased, and that our ears had somewhat recovered the shocks they had received, that the mehmandar stepped up and said, this was done in honour of his excellency, and was the acknowledged mode in England of treating persons of distinction. "May your shadow never be less,"

rejoined the ambassador. "I am very sensible of the honour," at the same time thrusting his fingers into his ears, "and I assure you that this mark of distinction will leave a lasting impression upon me. But what is the use of discharging so many cannon, and wasting so much precious gunpowder? You have fired away more powder than our shah did in the celebrated siege of Tûs, when, with three balls and one cannon, he discomfited a host of Yuzbegs, and kept the whole of their kingdom in fear of his power for ever after. But how many cannon have you on board, in the name of the prophet?" said he. The mehmandar answered, "Forty-four."—"Do you mean actually forty-four?" said his excellency, "or do you mention that number as indefinite, signifying a great many, as we say *chehel minar*, forty pillars, when we talk of the ruins of Persepolis; or the *chehel ten*, or forty bodies, when we would describe the many saints buried in the mausoleum near Shiraz?"

"I mean actually forty-four," said the mehmandar, appealing to the captain of the ship, who was standing near. "But that is a mere trifle," added he. "Our king has many ships that carry three times this number, and at least fifty bearing the same number; and when all the guns which are carried about from one end of the world to the other are enumerated, you must cease counting by hundreds, but take to thousands."

"There is but one God!" exclaimed the ambassador, putting his finger in his mouth at the same time, and deeply cogitating. "You see what I said before is true," turning towards me and others of the suite who were gathered round him; "I told you once before, that the English dig up their caunon all ready made in the mine, and this proves it. Centuries, with all the blacksmiths of Iran at work from morning to night, would never make so many guns."

"Yes, yes," was answered by us. "We believe it all," said one. "These Franks are devils, not men," said another. "Wonderful things shall we have to say when we return to Persia," said a third. Then all at once, as if by magic, we saw immense sails loosened from places where the eye before saw nothing but wood and rope; and ere a mallah could have counted his beads and said an hundred "God forgive me's," we began to move at a rapid rate through the water, and an universal commotion among the houses, ships, trees, and mountains, which surrounded us appeared to have taken place, and we were given to the mercy of the waves.

"We are gone and doubly gone now," said the ambassador; "we are in the hands of Allah!"

"God be with us! oh, Mahomed! oh, Ali," exclaimed I. "Ali send us all safe back," groaned the master of the ceremonies.

"Ameen! ameen!" echoed the remainder of the suite.

In our next we shall enter more particularly into the merits of these volumes, and we in the mean time recommend them as an admirable continuation of a witty and original work.

NARRATIVE OF MEMORABLE EVENTS IN PARIS, IN THE YEAR 1814.

(Concluded from p. 278.)

THIS journal of a *détenu* is rich in quotable passages, abounding as it does in lively pictures of events to which we are aware of no parallel,—pictures thrown off in the most unlaboured and spirited manner. From these we select the description of the entry of the allies into Paris, on the 31st of March, 1814:—

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any id lasted, nutes fifteen fantry Boulev conje less th ably c physio of wh of form valry, antiqu music which

By twelve o'clock the Boulevards were crowded with people of every class, all appearing in high spirits, and anxious only for the new show that was expected. The number of white cockades slowly increased; many of them were only bits torn from white handkerchiefs, and some even of paper; for, as none of the shops were open, riband could not be procured.

Ten minutes after twelve, Veyrat in his uniform of inspector general of the police, on a cream-coloured charger, and accompanied by the only two gens d'armes I saw during the day, passed along the Boulevards without noticing the white cockades, or the Bourbon cavalcade, consisting of sixteen or eighteen persons, and which had continued riding up and down until the trumpets of the allies were heard, when it preceded the triumphal entry of the conquering army, who reached the Boulevard des Italiens at twenty minutes after twelve. It was opened by a band of trumpeters, succeeded by cavalry, fifteen abreast. The Russian officers spoke in the mildest manner to the spectators, requesting them to make way, as there was no line of troops to keep it, and announced that the Emperor Alexander was on a white horse, and would come after the third regiment. A most gorgeous assemblage then appeared, composed of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Prince Schwartzberg, the Hetman Platoff, General Muffin, Lord Cathcart, Lord Burghersh, Sir Charles Stewart, and the numerous staff of the victorious armies, on the finest horses, and in the most splendid uniforms. The emperor was in green, with gold epaulets; in his hat was a bunch of pendant white feathers, similar to those of a cock's tail: he smiled and bowed very courteously. The King of Prussia, who looked grave, was in blue, with silver epaulets, and rode on the left of the emperor. Prince Schwartzberg was on the right. Lord Cathcart, in scarlet regimentals, his low flat cocked hat forming a striking contrast to all the others. Sir Charles Stewart (now Marquis of Londonderry) was covered with orders, and conspicuous by his fantastic dress, evidently composed of what he deemed every army's best. As soon as the conquerors appeared, the people began to shout, "Vivent les alliés! vivent nos libérateurs! a bas le tyran! vivent les Bourbons!" The officers received, in the most courteous manner, the salutations, or rather cajoling supplications, which all classes, and the fair sex in particular, poured upon them. One of the Russians, smiling, said, "Vous voyez que nous ne mangeons pas des hommes," alluding to the articles in the French newspapers. When the sovereigns arrived, the acclamations redoubled; but to the occasional cries for the restoration of the Bourbons, Alexander made no answer, and appeared to take no notice, though in his manner he was highly gracious. The officers around him repeatedly cried out, "Vive la paix!" To the shout of "Vivent nos libérateurs!" one of them replied, "Nous espérons l'être." This magnificent pageant far surpassed any idea I had formed of military pomp, and lasted, with one short interval, until ten minutes after four o'clock. The cavalry were fifteen abreast, the artillery five, and in the infantry thirty. There probably passed along the Boulevards 45,000 troops: I did not hear any conjecture that there were more than 50,000 or less than 35,000. All the men were remarkably clean, healthy, and well clothed: their physiognomies strongly indicated the countries of which they were natives. A great variety of form was displayed in the helmets of the cavalry, some of which nearly approached the antique in beauty and in shape. The bands of music were very fine. The precision with which the infantry marched was universally

admired: most of them wore a piece of white linen round their left arm, and a sprig of box or laurel in their caps. A considerable number of the Russians had the medal of the campaign of 1812, and there were few of the officers who were not decorated with more than one order. This splendid procession was closed by horses, led by dirty livery servants, and a considerable number of clumsy dirty travelling carriages, mostly empty, though in some there were a few officers of distinction, either sick or wounded. The people, astonished at the prodigious number of troops, repeatedly exclaimed, "Oh, how we have been deceived!" Just below the Madeleine, the Grand Duke Constantine, brother to the Emperor of Russia, quitted the procession, and placed himself by the side of the road, to inspect the troops as they continued their march. M. de St. Blancard Gontaut, and a few others of the ancien régime, were standing near him, with whom he entered into conversation, affably naming the different regiments as they passed. In one of the Russian corps he remarked that there were many "Mohammedans," and mentioned the province whence they came, but which I could not hear. Of another he said, "Those are the men who fought so desperately at Pantin, and were very near forcing the barrier of Paris." Of another, "There is the regiment you were told was cut in pieces." This was succeeded by one which the French bulletins announced to have been annihilated. "Now," said he, in a sarcastic manner, "men who were killed never return; and yet there they are. Look at the fine appearance of these men, who have bivouacked for these six weeks." He stopped one of the officers as he passed, and, presenting him to the bystanders, said, "There is the hero who beat Vandamme." The officer bowed and blushed. This condescension encouraged one of the common people to ask him if it was true that Vandamme was sent to Siberia? He replied, "No; he is at Moscow." Another asked him if Moreau was really dead? He replied, "Does any one doubt it?" As the people crowded forward, he very civilly requested them to get out of the way of the horses, and not to push one another; then, seeing some men place themselves before a woman, he told them he thought the French were more gallant. The rabble, who were unaccustomed to this kind of treatment, were enchanted with it, and vented the most bitter execrations of the government for deceiving them in every circumstance relative to the allies. As the regiments passed, he stopped several of the officers, to shake hands with them: they at the same time kissed a gold medal of the emperor which hung at his breast. He smiled and nodded to several of the common soldiers, crying, "Brave! brave!" They returned a most risible grimace, expressive of their delight at the distinction shown them. M. Sosthenes de Rochefoucault rode up to him, and spoke for a few moments. The duke received what he said with evident coldness and indifference; and M. de Rochefoucault rode away, much hurt. He afterwards told me, that on the mob, at his instigation, fixing the cords about the statue of Napoleon, on the column in the Place Vendôme, he approached the Duke Constantine, and informing him what he had done, requested a guard, to prevent any mischief that might ensue. The duke received him very coldly; and answered, that not having received any orders, he could not grant what he asked. The grand duke paid the greatest attention to minutiae of uniform: a sword-knot untied, the sack of corn which the horse-soldiers carried behind them hanging a few inches too low, or the smallest derangement in any part of their accoutrements, was instantly perceived by him, and the neglect noticed. When his own regiment of cui-

rassiers came up, he put himself at its head and went forward, joining his brother, who, with the King of Prussia and the generals-in-chief, were on the north side of the road in the Champs Elysées, near the Elysée Napoleon, seeing the army defile off. The Grand Duke Constantine is tall, stout, well made, with a fair complexion; his profile is scarcely human, his nose that of a baboon; he is near-sighted, contracting his eyes when looking attentively, which are covered with uncommonly large, light, bushy eyebrows; his voice is hoarse and husky; he has a rough soldier-like manner, and is sarcastic, yet affable.

Respecting the Empress Josephine, our détenu observes:—

"I was in the picture-gallery at Malmaison this morning, in conversation with the Empress Josephine, who had just returned from Navarre. The last time I had the honour of conversing with her, in March, she expressed herself much dissatisfied with Napoleon, saying, 'this man has left me without any money; my income is in arrear.' But now all her affection seemed to have returned; she expressed the deepest commiseration at his fate. She appeared very much affected at a paragraph she had just read in this morning's Journal des Débats; it was 'La mère de Prince Eugène est de retour à la Malmaison.' 'What does this mean? I have a name,' said she; 'I was crowned, sat upon the throne; I am honoured, protected by the Emperor of Russia; for as soon as he was master of the bridge of Neuilly, he sent a safe-guard to Malmaison.' She had scarcely uttered these words when, to her apparent astonishment, the Emperor of Russia was announced; he came immediately into the gallery. With her usual self-command and elegance of manner, she expressed herself much flattered by his visit. He replied, that it was a homage gratifying to his feelings; for that, in entering every house, and in every cottage, he heard the praise of her goodness. I retired into a further part of the gallery, and heard no more of their conversation, which at first appeared serious. A few minutes after, they went into the grounds. During their walk, Queen Hortensia arrived in haste from Paris. She joined her mother and the emperor, and I saw them walking in the gardens, each holding his arm.

Lord Beverley breakfasted with her at Malmaison a few days after, with his sons, the Hon. Algernon and the Hon. Colonel Henry Percy; the two first had been détenus, and the latter a prisoner of war. She then said, that since the fall of Napoleon, the English were the only persons who had the generosity to speak of him as he deserved.

The Emperor of Russia dined with her at Malmaison, on Friday the 22nd of April, and on Tuesday the 10th of May.

Of the last moments of this most amiable woman, we are presented with the following interesting particulars:—

On the 24th of May, the empress was indisposed with a sore throat. The King of Prussia dined at Malmaison on this day, and advised her to keep her room; but she persisted in doing the honours of her table, and retired late, as there was an evening party. She became worse. On the 26th the Emperor of Russia paid her a visit, and finding her dangerously ill, sent his physician. On the 27th a blister was applied; but it was too late. On this day, Rédouté, the celebrated flower-painter, being at Malmaison, she insisted on seeing him, but told him not to approach her bed, as he might catch her sore throat. She spoke of two plants which were then in flower, and desired him to make drawings of them, expressing a hope that she should soon be well enough to visit her plants.

'In the night between the 28th and 29th, she fell into a lethargic slumber, which lasted five hours.

'On the 29th, at ten in the morning, she said to Bourdois, the physician who attended her, "As my daughter is a devotee, it will please her if I have a priest; and as it is a matter of perfect indifference, it can do me no harm." Between this and the arrival of the confessor, Mrs. Edat, her English housekeeper, who had lived with her many years, came into the room with the empress's little dog, which she put upon the bed. The empress caressed it, and desired Mrs. Edat to take care of it.

'A few minutes before twelve at noon, this excellent and accomplished woman expired, of what the French term an "*esquinancie gangreneuse*." On Thursday the 2nd of June, her funeral took place, in the parish church of Rouelle, at twelve at noon. Her two grandsons walked as chief mourners, they alone wearing mantles. In the procession were Generals Sacken, Czernichof, Nesselrode, several other generals of the allied army, some French marshals and generals, and all those who had formerly been in her service, or who considered themselves under personal obligations to her. There were some Russian cavalry and the national guards of Rouelle. This sad procession moved down the avenue from the house to the St. Germain's road, then turned up that which led to the church of Rouelle, where the funeral discourse was delivered by M. de Baral, archbishop of Tours. The Bishops of Evreux and Versailles were present.'

There are many important details, at which we have not even glanced, our object being simply to extract such passages as might enable our readers to form an idea of the style and character of the work.

Mr. Britton's concluding remarks on Napoleon and his times, and his brief examination of the merits of the works which profess to relate their eventful history, are distinguished by much good sense and impartiality.

Surgical Observations on the Treatment of Chronic Inflammation, in various Structures; particularly as Exemplified in the Diseases of the Joints. By JOHN SCOTT, Surgeon to the London Ophthalmic Infirmary and Assistant Surgeon to the London Hospital. pp. 291. London, 1823. Longman and Co.

THERE are but a few individuals in this metropolis who have not heard of Mr. Scott of Bromley, and many have experienced the benefit of his professional advice and attention in diseases of the joints, in the cure of which he has been so uniformly successful; yet, for some purposes best known to himself, he has thought fit to keep his practice a secret from the rest of his professional brethren, (this, we confess, savours a little of empiricism,) and it is with pleasure that we perceive his son, possessing a little more liberality than his father, throwing open to the medical public the method of cure as practised by them. Mr. Scott, jun. is already so well known to the public by the official situation which he holds, as to preclude the necessity of our saying any thing in his praise. The limits and design of our journal will not allow us to explain the difference of treatment employed by Mr. Scott and the surgical profession generally; we can only sincerely recommend the present volume to the perusal of the medical profession, and more especially to students.

Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned, and Remarkable Personages conspicuous in English History, from the Reign of Richard the Second to that of Charles the Second; including some Illustrious Foreigners; containing many Passages from important Letters. Engraved under the Direction of CHARLES JOHN SMITH. With Biographical Memoirs, &c. By JOHN GOUGH NICHOLS.

'THE taste for autographs,' (in the words of the address, which explains the nature and object of the present publication,) is no longer in its infancy; it has of late considerably increased, and its further advance as a prevalent, and even fashionable pursuit, may be reasonably anticipated.' There is indeed utility as well as amusement in the study, and to both this valuable work will undoubtedly contribute. There are many curious autographs in the number before us, among which are those of Henry the Eighth and his sisters, Sir Thomas Boleyn, his son George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, &c., 'the prudent and fortunate' Elizabeth, and the imprudent and unfortunate Mary, her rival-queen, with many others of equal celebrity but inferior rank. The biographical notices are exceedingly judicious, and the extracts, from original documents, are indeed illustrative and interesting.

The Pamphleteer. No. LVII.

THE present number of this useful and favourite publication is, as usual, distinguished by several sterling articles. Among these are Dr. Channing's Analysis of the Character of Napoleon Bonaparte and Mr. Brougham's Speech on the Present State of the Law, both of which, and particularly the first, have been duly attended to in *The Literary Chronicle*. Foreign Politics, Political Economy, Agriculture, Finance, and Education, occupy the remaining pages of the work, which present a diversified mass of well selected information.

Atherstone's Fall of Nineveh.

MR. ATHERSTONE'S Fall of Nineveh will appear on Monday next. We have reason to believe that this poem will materially increase the well-earned reputation of its author, as one of the few poets who possess a healthy and vigorous imagination, and a real sympathy with truth and nature. We have the pleasure of appending a passage from the opening of the second book:—

'Five times from east to west the god of light
O'er heaven's eternal pavement flaming trod;—
The star-bespangled wheel of night five times
Upon its smooth unsounding axle turned;
And the sixth morn arose. The watchmen then,
From the high watch-towers looking toward
the east,
The distant mountain tops all bright beheld
With restless flashings, like a sun-lit sea;
And toward the western hills when they looked
forth,
Their tops saw also, with yet keener shine,
As of a diamond crown bright quivering:
But, north and south, along th' unbounded
plains
All yet was void. The seventh grey dawn
came on.
Th' expecting watchmen listened to a sound,—
A low dull sound, as if the distant waves
Heard on the summit of a sea-girt rock.
When no wind stirreth:—but, when rose the
sun,

Lo! all the plain, south, north, and west, and
east,
Deluged with glittering arms, and flags unfurled,
Chariots bright flaming, and brass-harnessed
steeds.

'Then, in a moment, every sound was hushed;
And towards the rising god all knees were bent
Of that unnumbered host; all faces bowed
In silent adoration. When they rose,
They shouted, and the cry went up to heaven.

'At once a thousand trumpets from the walls
Answered the shout: with brazen throats up-
turned,

On all sides round ten thousand spake again.

'No sleepers now in Nineveh! Wide fly
Upon their roaring hinges the huge gates;
The plains are covered with the joyous crowds;
Manhood, and trembling age, and infancy,—
All are abroad, and hurry through the gates,
Or on the high walls throng.'

ORIGINAL.

Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.

Sight of Sir Walter Scott—His Person and Portrait—Our Obligations to his Works—The Roué, and its Tendency—Blackwood's Critique on Hunt's Byron—Undue Severity—Singers and their Characteristic Merits—Actresses and their Powers.

HAVE you ever seen Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Editor? if not, though you may be a wiser and better man than your humble servant, allow me to say that you are not so lucky a dog as myself, for on Thursday, by mere chance, I beheld this great British lion walk out of a most seemly and characteristic den, (Messrs. Longman's,) and from thence I followed his steps till he entered a hackney-coach, in waiting on Ludgate Hill. I had, moreover, the pleasure of hearing his voice, as he apologized to one of the partners of that house who saw him safe into this humble vehicle, for the trouble he had taken; and in doing this, both the words, and the tone in which they were uttered, confirmed the impression his countenance had already given of unbounded benevolence and good temper. There was a manly suavity and downright sincerity in those few words in perfect accordance with all we have been told of the gentleness, simplicity, and genuine good-heartedness of this extraordinary man.

Sir Walter is so like all the pictures we see of him, that if I had not been informed on the subject I am confident I should have known him; it is nevertheless true, that not one of them does him justice, with the exception, perhaps, of that painted, (I think about twelve years since,) by Phillips, for even the president failed to throw over him that aristocratic atmosphere in which his portraits are generally enshrined. All that is common place in his countenance we have faithfully recorded, and that is given by nature in traits sufficiently strong to be well remembered, but the fact is, that Sir Walter is much better-looking as to feature, and infinitely more gentlemanly in the impression conveyed by a general view of his person, than he is rendered by any of his portrait painters. They have all been so afraid of offending him by appearing to flatter, that they have run into a contrary extreme, or else conceiving that, in his case, *mind* was all in all, have neglected to pay due homage

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to the outward man. My pleasure was partaken, so far as I could judge, only by a young clergyman and his mother, who I am persuaded partook of my enthusiasm, as I saw the latter, with the quick sensibility of woman, moved even to tears, by the unexpected pleasure of seeing one who had delighted her so often. And who amongst us is there, Mr. Editor, that can sit down and reflect on his own personal obligations to this great man without feeling his heart touched, his warmest affections kindled, and a sense of personal friendship and loyalty excited towards him in an extraordinary degree? That must be a cold heart, indeed, that did not swell with delight when he is honoured, and feel afflicted when he suffers; for how many hours of languor has he enlivened? how many sources of sorrowful reflection have been ameliorated by the playfulness of his imagination, the truth of his observations, the variety of his characters, and his wonderful power of drawing us from the world in which we live to the world which is passed away? How many has he reconciled to their own present troubles, by showing the troubles that are passed away for ever? how often have we lost our disgust at society as it surrounds us, by contemplating it in the festivities of Kenilworth, the scenes of Quentin Durward, or of Ivanhoe? But there is no end of our obligations to the minstrel and the novelist, yet we may owe still more to the preacher whose voice 'is heard in all lands.'

Such fame will not await the author of the *Roué*: I have read that book with intense interest, and grieve that the judgment of the author should be so inferior to his genius, for I give him full credit for purity of intention. He intends to unmask wickedness to preserve virtue, but since it is evident that the letters of the *Roué* are the cleverest portions of the work, and really abound in wit rivaling even those of *Lovelace*, on which they are modelled, so it must be evident that they will be read with the most avidity, and recollected with the most tenacity, and unquestionably found much more exciting to the young in their unhallowed pictures and daring pursuits, than deterring by their frightful exhibition of what Dr. Young calls—

'That hideous sight, a naked human heart.'

The author ought to have remembered, that courage is a virtue that covers a multitude of sins in the eyes of the young, and that the reckless bravery of his diabolical hero must have its effect, even when 'mixed with baser matter,' and happy will it be if many a young man, veering betwixt virtue and vice, is not tempted to become the daring, fascinating, Leslie, at the risk of offending laws he can learn to ridicule, and a conscience he sees it possible to silence. His death, though well managed, is too rapid, too much in character with his habits, to act as an antidote to the poison of his life; the tortures of long-protracted sickness, the loss of personal attraction, the scorn of the world, the reproaches of his victims, the doubts of the future, and the miseries of the present, should have been heaped on his head, the proper rewards of seduction, adultery, and murder, rather than going with a bullet and a bluster as he does. How different a sensation is inspired by *Tremaine* and *De Vere* to this soul-sickening view of human atrocity!

Talking of *great* faults reminds one of *little* ones, for such, in comparison of the fictitious hero's, may those of Leigh Hunt be classed, in that curious piece of egotism, which is dignified by the name of Byron. Surely when the worst is made of it, (and the reviewing world has unquestionably made it as bad as possible,) there could be no reason for Blackwood's Magazine to fulminate such unmeasured abuse, such systematic severity of punishment as they have done? If it be, as they allege, weak and contemptible, why employ the hand of a giant to flog an infant? Why, with a most unchristian spirit pursue Hunt as a deist, yet apologize for Shelley the atheist, knowing, as they must do, that the moral conduct of the latter was of a piece with his creed, and that the former is, at any rate, 'the husband of one wife,' and a good father to his large party of 'impracticable' children. Their opening observations are so just on the subject of poor Byron's 'bobbing head' that I cannot imagine, after making it, how they could talk of 'yellow breeches' by way of doing the same thing. 'Tis true adequate retaliation, an 'eye for an eye,' and 'a tooth for a tooth,' might account for much of this, but the grand inquisitor himself never devised such an excess of torture as these people heap on Leigh Hunt, thereby going so far beyond due retribution, as to make his past enemies present friends. The fact is, Lord Byron was his own enemy; to gain admiration and to exhibit liberalism, he associated with people whom he liked so long as he concluded they were charmed with his condescension and rapt by his talents, but the moment he found that they were so far proficient in his own doctrines as to hold him only as an equal, he was astonished at their temerity and at once despised their pretensions and hated their encroachments. There was an equal want of common sense in both parties, and it is well known, that in the higher there was also a want of good temper, (for that had been proved long before,) therefore, how could such discordant particles ever unite without constraint on both sides? I think it a pity that the book was written, because it has raised unpleasant remembrances, and stirred up bad blood; but why people should be in great wrath because the author of the *Vision of Judgment*, the bitter satirist of the greatest misfortune man could suffer, as shown in the death of Lord Castlereagh, should in his turn be subjected to a comparatively gentle judgment I cannot imagine. It is at least certain that Byron's satire was infinitely keener, and positively unprovoked, for when had his king or his brother peer injured *him* as a man so full of gall and wormwood unquestionably could wound another? Can any man say, that two or three hundred pounds, doled out like alms to a man called *friend*, expected to be repaid, entitles such an one to be exempted from animadversions which his example called on others to make not only freely but cruelly both on friend and foe? Certainly not! It had been better in his *Leontius* to have let him alone; but it is for him, not us, to know the pricking of long-planted thorns, and how hard it is to bear imputed obligation while conscious that we have paid our debt twice over in agonizing endurance. The undue severity of the reviewer in this article has been as unwise as cruel; it has converted

the criminal into a victim, and compelled us to remember the poet we must admire, as the disloyal subject, the malignant calumniator, the bad husband, and the mean patron.

Happy is it that we have Sontag's dulcet voice come amongst us to sweeten these asperities, carry us away from ourselves, and teach us to remember larks and nightingales, to 'babble of green fields' and may-flowers, and lead us to tender recollections and innocent delights. Such is the nature of the pleasure this lady bestows, a good deal resembling the impression left by Caradori, which always satisfies but never astonishes. These ladies are planets where *Pasta* is a comet, by the side of whom, if I mistake not, Miss Bacon will soon be ranked, for her power of voice is really magnificent, and when aided by that art which is the result of practice not less than science, will prove that an English woman can rival, if not excel these foreign warblers. By the way, one native syren has been long missing: whither has her liege lord conveyed the Paton?

What a magnificent dinner did the academy boast this year! what 'a feast of titles and flow of power.' This is as it should be, for without such patronage talent must wither and even genius shrink. I rejoice to find that the British Gallery has sold above a hundred pictures, and the Suffolk Street already between seventy and eighty, a proof that taste increases amongst us, and that the refined and intellectual pleasures rise above the gauds and fripperies which generally adorn wealth, in lieu of more elegant and judicious ornaments.

Mrs. Hemans, I learn, is publishing a volume of her sweet poems. Miss Mitford giving us another of her matchless *Village*; but why this lady's expected tragedy is delayed I know not. It would, I ween, employ Miss Kelly to more advantage than walking in her sleep, well as she walks. There is unquestionably 'grace in her steps,' if they bring grist to the manager's mill, but one may be allowed to wish the *one* woman of genius we have left placed in a situation worthy of her powers. Let me not talk of *one* whilst Mrs. Davenport lives to make a second, for she is still a host: these two actresses give us woman in all her varieties; lead us from the cottage to the castle, the drawing-room to the still-room, and leaving far behind the general stamp of boarding-school gentility, court etiquette, and counter-keeping misses, as they exist in the metropolis, launch us on a world of natural feelings and simple joys or sorrows, and bring us back, through their sensibilities, to those of our own hearts in that period when they were best worth recalling. They lay before us the love of young maidens in its first days of fear and hope, real purity, and awkward embarrassment; the love of wives and mothers in their deep attachment, ardent fondness, and happy blindness, and alike in error or wisdom, show that woman is to man the attraction, the puzzle, the solace of life.

Long may they continue to charm us, and long may we be sensible of their value, so shall old age, with all its infirmities and frigidities, steal gently on your autumnal friend,

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

SONG.

THE bugle sounds from hills afar,
And banners wave on high,
I must not let war's gallant show
Thus pass a chieftain by;
Then, lady, take these woodland flowers,
They'll suit that brow of thine,
But braid, oh, braid! in future hours,
The laurel wreath for mine.
Yet cast not these all lovely blooms,
With cold disdain aside,
For they faded thoughts may bring,
To curb thy soldier's pride;
If e'er, elate with fame, he spurn
The paths where thou dost rove,
This wreath will well assert thy rights,
And claim a hero's love.
Then as you range along these dells,
Tinged with the setting sun,
Think here I'll come and tell thee tales
Of battles bravely won;
When as around thy lovely brow,
The simplest wild flowers twine;
Oh, may the far-famed laurel wreath,
Unsuited, bloom on mine. E. B.

GLEANINGS IN SWITZERLAND.

GENEVA AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

My design, gentle reader, in this and the succeeding papers, is to present you with a collection of observations and anecdotes, gathered in a rather circumscribed tour in this most romantic of countries, in the autumn of 1825, and during my residence in Geneva, in the following winter. I offer you only sketches, not having had time to make a complete picture; or, rather, to speak more consistently with my title, I present you with a few gleanings only, as opportunity was not afforded me for gathering a harvest. Truly, I hope you will think you have found more wheat than chaff; otherwise my labour and your's, will have been lost. I shall not weary your patience, with details of the sites and positions of towns, squares, streets, &c. &c., but beg to refer you for the same, to my worthy friend, Ebel, who doth excellently depict them, in his Traveller's Guide through Switzerland; neither shall I annoy you with a 'personal narrative,' for which I refer you to—your own imagination. I shall detain you longer at Geneva than at any other spot, for this good reason, that I am better acquainted with it, than with any part of Helvetia, having passed there the winter. I mean not to follow the track marked on the *carte de route*, but shall transport you, reader, and myself as your *valet de place*, from one interesting spot to another, and set you down, far fresher, I warrant, than if you had been jolted along in a *char-à-banc*. By the way, this is a vehicle on four wheels, which contains one seat, and has a covering removable at pleasure. You sit in it with your side to the horse. The motion is rough and disagreeable, but capital (doctors, some years ago, would have told you) for removing obstructions of the liver. But to our subject. As it is my purpose to tell you only of Switzerland, I will but just say of the route from Paris to Geneva, *via* Dijon, that it is very tame, (with only one or two exceptions) till you arrive at the foot of a range of mountains, called Mont Jura; the barrier between France and Switzerland. Now expect, reader, an animated description of this pass; but, alas! you are doomed to the same disappointment with myself, whose fate it was,

to traverse nearly the whole of it during the night. Still I saw enough, when morning came, to be convinced that it possesses much of the romantic. Doubtless, you know full well the position of the ancient city of Geneva: that it is situated at that extremity of the lake of the same name, whence the impetuous Rhone rushes on its course, as if angry to have slumbered so long in the outspread expanse. You know, too, perhaps, that the city is divided into two parts by this river. The vast valley, in which lie the lake and city, is girt in by frowning mountains. These things premised, the courteous reader shall attend me to a *fête*, which takes place at Geneva, once every four or five years, (some say every fifteen) and is called *La Fête de la Navigation*. It is held for the purpose of installing the admiral, or king of the lake: and a grand day it makes for the whole town and neighbourhood; for natives and strangers. On this occasion, the peaceful bosom of the water was charged with the burden of a numerous and gallant fleet, consisting of vessels of all magnitudes, from the mighty steam-boat, carrying l'amiral, le premier syndic, (the chief magistrate) &c. &c. down to the insignificant skiff, carrying your humble servant. All Geneva was on the lake; every vessel was crowded. On board the two steam-boats, and the *bateau à manège*, (a vessel put in motion by horses, instead of steam) were the military, with their bands, and some field-pieces. Away, then, we all set, (time, afternoon) like so many men who did not know where to go; touching here, turning there, with streamers flying, music playing, and guns roaring. As it was likely there would not be noise enough, several youths had provided themselves with pistols, which they let off *à l'envi*. To heighten the interest of the scene, there was a brace of canoes full of blackees, who propelled their bark (and at a great rate too) with paddles; accompanying their strokes with a right Indian air, imported for the express purpose, from the shop of Messrs. Tweedledum, the famous music-sellers at Bhurtpore. The effect of the firing of the cannon was grand. The echoes ran round the whole circle of the mountains that surrounded us; then rolled back; then again, when we thought them lost, they thundered louder than before, in some distant hollow, where they seemed to have gathered to one point, their remaining force. At length, night came; and then for the fire-works! Many had, by this time, left the lake; but those who stayed, blazed away in fine style. After spending powder enough for a siege, the vessels, by degrees, dispersed, and the day ended with a grand entertainment, given by M. Hensch, the banker. A part of the flotilla returned to the town, while the remainder anchored off M. Hensch's château, where the ball was held. The expense of the day's diversions is defrayed by the body of *conseillers d'état* (of whom there are, I believe, about two hundred) and the admiral elect. The former subscribe each fifteen francs, and the latter furnishes the remainder. The admiral enjoys some privileges. This is one: he is exempt from the payment of any duty to government, on the purchase of lands or houses. Others pay seven per cent. He is the only officer of the sublime navy of the Lemane lake; at least I never heard that there is either middy, captain, or lieutenant in it. The expedition of to-day was the most

warlike that ever takes place; the whole force of the lake being destined and adapted only for the peaceful pursuits of commerce or fishing. You may make the tour of the whole lake in a day, on board one of the steam-boats. You set out in decent time in the morning, dine at, I think, Lausanne; come round the other side of the lake, in time to see the sun take leave of the snows of Mont Blanc, (which bid him farewell with blushes) and disembark at Geneva, in comfortable time to prepare for a party.

VIATOR.

THE ANTHOLOGIST—No. V.

ANACREONTICS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BENEDETTO MENZINI.

I have seen the merchant weep
When he heard the wild wind sweep
O'er the pathless waters dark;
Menacing his shattered bark;
Bidding him ne'er hope again
That his vessel might sustain
The ruthless tempest's fierce disdain;
I have seen a mother weep
With a woe that may not sleep;
I have heard a mother's cries
Echoed to the vaulted skies,
When with look and accent wild,
She gazes on her lifeless child;
I have seen the bride's wet eye,
I have heard the young bride sigh,
When with lorn and broken heart,
She sees her lord to war depart,
And seems to view his fallen crest,
His pallid brow, and bleeding breast.
I never wore a glittering sword,
I never owned a miser's hoard,
Nor recked, the least, the sordid gold,
For which the merchant's life is sold.
No pretty girl has left off sleeping,
And taken up with sighs and weeping,
Because I've left my native shore,
And she may never see me more.
What, then, have I to do with fears?
What cause can I e'er have for tears?
Save when the cruel hail destroys
My vine—the fount of all my joys;
And as rolls down each rattling shaft,
I mourn the cups I might have quaffed;
Not more grieved could Orpheus be,
When he lost Eurydice,
Than I, my gentle vine, for thee.

Sometimes I say to Love,

Tell me, didst thou ever see
A semblance in yon heaven above,
Of her, to whom I bend the knee,
My mistress and my deity.
Love answers with a smiling brow,
Gentle servant, mine, I know
I ne'er saw one, so like another,
As thy lady and my mother.
When with deathless beauty rife,
She burst from ocean's foam to life
And jocund jest and sportive smile,
My brothers tended her the while;
But I, myself, of all the band,
Guided her ear with mine own hand;
The frowning tempest knew my power,
Nor dared on beauty's queen to lower.
How looked she then?—Behold the sun
In his young glory just begun.
Does not its flood of light defy
The feeble glance of mortal eye?
So said Love, and I believe
That Love in this did not deceive.
For thus dazzled is my sight,
When beams my lady's dark eye bright;
Nor ever could my vision brook
The burning brilliance of her look.

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Nature! why hast thou given, then,
A power to the eaglet's ken,
Which thou hast denied to men?
The bird, intrepid, turns his gaze
Upon the red sun's fiercest blaze,
And seeks, without a single fear,
A path to th' enkindled sphere.
Ah, little truth, alas! tells he,
Who speaks of man's felicity.
Man, who dares not direct his sight
Upon the golden fount of light. R. M.

ELLEN RAMSAY.

Why should authors so frequently transport their imaginations to foreign scenes for the fascination of their readers? Is the land of the east, the only one of loveliness and light? or Italy, the only one of love and song? Though there 'the poet's art, and the painter's hand are most divine,' have we not, within our own dear clime, forms of the tuneful mind and glowing heart? Doth the lotus flower by the Nile braid brows more beautiful than the lily by the Thames? A light step wandering 'mid the pyramids at night—a bright eye flashing through a sacred veil—a sweet voice breathing a mysterious prayer—in far off lands may for awhile charm the sight, enchant the ear, and perhaps engage the heart; but where, than by the pastoral banks of the river I have last named, shall we find fairer forms to meet us in the grove, or kinder looks and gentler tones to greet us, when there met? But to my tale.

In a romantic spot, near the village of Ellerslie, Nature had been almost motionless throughout the day, and eve came on as quietly; not a leaf trembled 'mid the trees, not a blossom waved 'mid the flowers. The dews, those tears upon the fading cheek of earth, had begun to sparkle in the fields, but the air disclosed no moisture whence they could have fallen; the heavens had lost the dazzling radiance of their light, but were fading so calmly and cloudlessly, that decline only added to their charm. Thus, thought I, should man retire from existence, for in the holy fancy of my thoughts, I could not but liken the summer sky above me parting with its sun, to the benign countenance of the Redeemer, still radiate through death, and smiling on his transitory fate. I had been contemplating the scene, as I conceived, alone, regretting I should be the solitary being to partake of its benign influence; when, gently and almost mutely as a blossom shooting from its bud, I perceived a figure stealing through the umbrage of an arbour, and advancing directly towards me, till just before she had reached the place of my concealment, she suddenly turned round and stopped. As she raised her light blue eyes to heaven, I had for a moment an opportunity of examining her countenance; in so transient a view, it was impossible to remark each particular feature, but their general expression was one of innocence and devotion. It was not long before I heard a gentle name gently invoked, when a form rushed swiftly by me, and clasped her in his arms. Lovers! thought I; it was, however, now utterly impracticable for me to make my escape, as they had drawn so near to where I was standing, that the slightest motion on my part would have betrayed my presence.

'Ellen Ramsay, remember your promise!' were the first words that broke from the lips of the stranger—'Remember your promise:' and he reiterated the invocation a third time

with such vehemence, that poor Ellen must have felt she ought not to have given him a promise, and she seemed to think so as she falteringly said, 'I almost tremble now the time is come.' 'Oh Ellen! can you suspect me?' insinuatingly asked her companion: the girl made no reply, but there was suspicion in her thoughts, and it flashed from her artless eye, free as the unbound tress that floated o'er her face. She did not speak, but, taking her lover's proffered arm, and raising her eloquent eye to his, suffered herself to be led away, with a look, that if he had meditated harm against her, must have turned his heart from vice for ever; at least I thought so, for I left the scene satisfied of her security from ill, and convinced that such a look would have led her safely through life's most ensnaring evils—even its worst, those which beset a young and trusting heart. How far my opinion was correct, I knew not then; but a few months afterwards, happening to pass through the same village, as the carriage hastily turned round the churchyard, my eye was attracted by a tombstone, bearing the inscription of 'Ellen Ramsay;' and not long since, in looking over an old newspaper, I was much shocked by reading an account of her suicide, which was stated to have been occasioned through her seduction and desertion by a young man of distinguished rank.

SFORZA.

SAPPHICS.

BRIGHT the moonbeam gleams on the quiet city;
Drowsy clocks proclaim how the midnight moments
Flit, as here I watch o'er my lonely taper,
Pensively musing.

Joyous hearts there are at this silent season,
Light as autumn leaves to the zephyrs dancing,
Threading mazes wild amid thronging beauties,
Time unregarded.

There dark eyelids shoot fascinating glances;
Many gay youth pine in the sweetest sorrow.
Spacious tables piled to profusion, tender
Daintiest viands.

Squalid Want, meanwhile, on her pallet turning,
Wraps her wasted form in a scanty garment:
Hungry offspring wail, as the ruthless winter
Howls through her chamber.

Weary Labour, stretched in a careless slumber,
Mocks the swandown couch and the silken tester,
Where at coming dawn shall the child of pleasure
Strive to repose him.

Various scenes, O Night, does thy veil envelop!
Haggard Vice stalks forth with her motley thousands.

Fancy cannot brook to pursue their courses;
Circean monsters.

Sweet is thy repose. May I taste its solace!
From these ancient tomes' subtle lore retiring,
With untainted soul, let me sink in slumber,
Musing on mercies. W.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

WE never experience the necessity of recording an exhibition at the Royal Academy as a failure without a feeling of real and deep regret, and we are therefore always proportionably cautious in passing sentence of condemnation, and feel a proportionable degree of satisfaction whenever it happens to accord with our duty as well as our inclination to

notice it in terms of approbation. The conviction that an assemblage of pictures, the number of which may be usually averaged at from twelve to fifteen hundred, must be regarded as a criterion by which may be fairly estimated the rise or decline of British art, is not the sole cause of this interest. It is too obvious to escape the notice even of the most cursory observer of such matters, that to this really excellent institution, the English school is mainly indebted both for the number and, to a certain extent, for the skilfulness of its members. We speak not of it as a mere school of instruction, but as a tribunal where unknown merit finds a tolerably fair chance of acquiring publicity and ultimate reward. Whatever, then, may have been the improper application either of its funds or of its honorary distinctions, nobody will deny that, upon this view the preponderance of its advantages over its evils is decided and considerable. We trust we shall not be accused of begging the question of the delinquency or innocence of the academy. It is a subject unsuited to the present occasion, and one upon which we have no intention of entering. As in all similar cases, we dare say that the truth lies not exactly with either of the contending parties, but somewhere between both. We are as determined enemies to wrong doing as most people, but while protesting against what is defective, let us not forget to afford due praise to what is manifestly the reverse.

Before the establishment of a public exhibition the young artist was necessarily a dependant either upon some wealthy private patron, or upon the yet severer task-master, the picture dealer. In either case his condition was little preferable to that of a dancing-dog which receives all the kicks while his master pockets the halfpence. It was the policy of both, but of the latter in particular, to keep him as much as possible out of the reflection of his own talents. These were to be strained to their extremity, but strained for the fattening of the locust, and not of him who sowed the harvest, and thus unless he could feel an all-repaying gratification in the hope of posthumous celebrity, the condition of the humblest handicraftsman was enviable in comparison with his. Into this state of degradation there is little probability that painting will ever revert. The means afforded to the artist of thus displaying his labours before an immense concourse of persons of whom if all are not capable of sitting in judgment upon his works, all have at least some degree of interest in them, places genius and patronage upon more equal terms, and consequently betters the actual condition of both.—Upon the whole we think we may safely pronounce the present exhibition a favourable specimen, although there is the old complaint to be reiterated about the deficiency of historical productions, yet it is impossible to pronounce a collection mediocre or uninteresting which includes such pictures as those of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Danby, Etty, and many others. The preponderance of portraits, of course, is great, and among them not a few are really far from creditable.

Of the president's pictures all are so truly excellent, that we scarcely know which seems most entitled to the preference. 'The Portrait of the Marchioness of Londonderry, with her son Lord Seaham,' is a performance which would rivet the attention of all, but for the vicinity of a picture which many

may think even superior,—‘The Countess Gower and her Daughter,’ from which the eye is again attracted by ‘The Daughter of the Right Honourable William Peel.’ In all these pictures the elegance, the animation, and the delicacy of Sir Thomas are displayed with wonderful effect. The composition of the second of these is, we think, almost superior to any thing of the kind we ever witnessed; of the child especially, it appears impossible to believe it to be otherwise than ‘instinct with life and motion.’ ‘The Portrait of Lady Lyndhurst’ is another delightful portrait from the same hand.

Equal in attraction with these real treasures of art, is Danby’s ‘Attempt to illustrate the opening of the sixth Seal;’ a large and very clever picture, of which it would be useless to attempt a description. It has all the terrible grandeur suitable to the subject, and which so peculiarly characterizes the efforts of this singular artist.

Mr. Etty exhibits three pictures of considerable merit. No. 6, ‘Guardian Cherubs with Portraits of the Infant Children of the Earl of Normanton,’ although a clever picture, is an object of less admiration than it would have been if the peculiar defect of Mr. E.’s style were less prominent. His deep love of the old Italian masters has led Mr. Etty into the error of imitating their faults as well as their excellencies. Thus, the guardian angels, beautiful as they are, have yet as much of the aspect of mortality as the object of their watchfulness, and the two female figures have the same character, and are besides dressed in coloured tunics. Surely our painters might find some less earthly mode of attiring their unearthly creations than that ordinarily adopted. The composition, too, of this picture affects the old master, and is somewhat formal. The colouring, however, of certain portions is very rich and effective.

10. ‘Italian Scene in the Anno Santo. Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome and St. Peter’s: evening.’ C. Eastlake. This is a very fine picture. The attitudes and the expression of the countenances of the pilgrims are forcible and picturesque, and the whole is excellently coloured.

11. ‘The Little Gleaner,’ Sir W. Beechey. A very pretty painting, by an artist whose style is rather too feeble for more manly subjects. We prefer this to any other in the exhibition by the same hand.

17. ‘A Mother caressing her Sleeping Child,’ R. Westall. The mother’s head is quite unnatural. We know of no artist so completely the slave of a peculiar manner as Mr. Westall. In smaller pieces it produces a certain effect which, if it be displeasing to the eye of the artist, is not without its admirers among less learned observers. In pictures the size of the life, however, it is intolerable to every one pretending to the slightest degree of taste. The child is better, and is painted with Mr. W.’s well-known sweetness.

70. ‘Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet, or the Morning of the Carthaginian Empire,’ J. M. W. Turner. Upon the whole this is certainly an extraordinary picture, but Mr. Turner is sporting with his powers. He should keep a little more to nature.

[To be resumed.]

Panorama of the City and Bay of Genoa. Painted by the Proprietor, R. BURFORD, Esq.

THIS interesting Panorama which is now exhibiting in Leicester Square, opened to the public on Monday last, and we doubt not will prove highly attractive. Who is there, indeed, that has not had the pleasure of visiting this magnificent and picturesque city, but will be desirous of seeing a representation of it by so able an artist as Mr. Burford? The view of the Bay is truly superb, but the city, generally, is not sufficiently defined, and the churches and public buildings are much too minute and indistinct to make any impression on the spectator, though their names are all enumerated in the printed description. Many of the figures introduced are remarkably striking;—the vessels in the distance, and the entire expanse of sea, particularly in the perspective, are managed with astonishing ability.

Exhibition of Paintings by the Great Masters, and the Grand Frescos of Paul Veronese.

THE above exhibition, which is to be seen at the Maddox Street Gallery, Hanover Square, possesses peculiar attractions. It consists of a collection of valuable paintings by various artists of the first eminence, in the Italian, Dutch, Flemish, and we may add English schools; for two of the finest pictures are by Wilson, and there is also a beautiful one by Gainsborough. Several exquisite Claude Lorraines, a Salvator Rosa, the Burgomaster’s Daughter, by Rembrandt, and many others, might be mentioned in terms of warm commendation, but we advise our readers to visit the gallery, and judge for themselves. The fresco paintings alone are well worth seeing, were it only for their rarity, and for the curiosity of their having been detached from the walls on which Paul Veronese originally painted them.

ENGRAVINGS.

Mont Blanc, from the Valley of Chamouni. Engraved by T. LUPTON, from a Painting by W. Delamotte. London, 1828. Bulcock.

THIS is a very delightful mezzotinto, in which the acknowledged talents of Messrs. Delamotte and Lupton are exhibited to great advantage. Full justice has been rendered to a theme unrivalled in magnificence; and ‘the monarch of mountains’ towers over the surrounding scenery in all his majestic sublimity. Perhaps if we were inclined to be minutely critical, we should observe, that the glaciers are scarcely brilliant enough; it is true that they occasionally assume a dusky appearance, but it is not such times an artist would select as the most appropriate for an exhibition of the peculiarities of Mont Blanc.

The Traveller Attacked. Engraved by W. GILLER, after a Painting by D. T. EGERTON. London, 1828. Bulcock.

THIS is another mezzotinto, and one of an interesting character: of the two robbers, one has been prostrated by the attacked traveller, and the other is in the act of discharging his carbine, whilst the intended victim urges his steed forward. A venerable fir and a lightning-blasted tree, the full moon, and the startled deer, add considerably to the interest of the scene. Mr. W. Giller has ably seconded the spirited exertions of Mr. Egerton.

Rebels shooting a Prisoner. Engraved by L. ROMNEY, from a Painting by T. Webster. London, 1828. Bulcock.

A HIGHLY amusing and spirited little print, though widely different in subject from what the title would at first seem to imply. The scene represents the inside of a cottage, and the actors are three little urchins, who, after amusing themselves with military evolutions, have captured their sister’s doll and are preparing to shoot it with a small toy-cannon, which, however, neither boy has the courage to fire; one is attempting to let it off by means of a long stick, another, who is standard-bearer and trumpeter, if we may judge by the display of his handkerchief and the funnel at his side, turns his back on the scene of action yet takes an anxious and stealthy glance over one shoulder, whilst the third boy whose eyes are starting from their sockets with delighted expectancy, stops his ears with his hands in dread of the threatened explosion. Perhaps, however, the best figure of the group is the terrified and despoiled little girl who is leaning against the wall with her face partly concealed by her pinafore, her attitude and countenance are truly admirable and expressive.

THE DRAMA.

DRAMATIC REGISTER.—*King’s Theatre.*—

May 3. Otello, and Les Pages du Duc de Vendome.—6. Il Don Giovanni, and Les Pages du Duc de Vendome.—8. The second act of Semiramide and of Il Barbiere di Siviglia, and Les Pages du Duc de Vendome.

Drury Lane, May 2. Virginius, Aladdin, and The Dumb Savoyard.—3. Roses and Thorns, The School for Gallantry, and Killing no Murder.—5. Macbeth, The Camp, and Aladdin.—6. The Poor Gentleman, The School for Gallantry, and Love, Law, and Physic.—7. Love in a Village, The School for Gallantry, and Aladdin.—8. Roses and Thorns, The Haunted Inn, and Der Freischutz.

Covent Garden, May 2. The Merry Wives of Windsor, and The £100 Note.—3. The Inconstant, The Invincibles, and Bombastes Furioso.—5. The Point of Honour, The Invincibles, and Peter Wilkins.—6. The Beggars’ Opera, A Race for a Dinner, and The Sergeant’s Wife.—7. King John, and Peter Wilkins.—8. Aladdin, and The Invincibles.

DRURY LANE.—The comedy of *Roses and Thorns* (originally produced at the Haymarket.) was acted for the first time at this theatre on Saturday last, and repeated with increased success on Thursday. Mathews played Sir Valentine Verjuice with all that originality of humour for which he has long been so justly celebrated; he was ably supported by Liston, as Sir Hilary Heartsease, whose performance convulsed the house with laughter, ‘holding both its sides.’ *Love in a Village* was revived on Wednesday; the only novelty of the performance was the appearance of Miss Love as young Meadows, which she certainly performed with much ability and great credit to her talents, though we cannot exactly divine the reason which could have induced the manager to select a female representative for this character, unless, indeed, it was, that Miss Love should have an opportunity of astonishing the audience with her extraordinarily fine voice: we remember her brilliant execution of ‘O say what’s more dear to the heart of the brave!’ it is inimitable. An interlude, translated

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from the French, by Jones the comedian, called *The School for Gallantry*, was acted for the first time on Saturday. It is an amusing trifling; and though considerable disapprobation was manifested on its first representation, it has since been repeated with applause. The performance of this farce was on Wednesday followed by *Aladdin*, in which the legs of the most beautiful Foote were seen to great advantage, and were received with loud applause.

COVENT GARDEN.—The only novelty of this week has been the revival of *Aladdin*, which was produced on Thursday night in all its original splendour, and with considerable additions to the music and dialogue of this spectacle. Miss Stephens delighted the audience with her performance, but more especially with her singing, as *Aladdin*. Young's benefit took place last night. As *You Like It*, and *The Devil to Pay*, were the performances selected for the occasion. In the latter, Farren and Miss Kelly played Jobson and Nell.

VARIETIES.

On Saturday, May 4th, the members of the Royal Academy gave their anniversary dinner at Somerset House. It was attended by a very large assemblage of the very élite of the rank and talent of the country. Among them were:—

Prince Leopold, and the Spanish, Portuguese, Danish, Bavarian, Sardinian, Wurtemberg, and Saxon Ambassadors; Dukes of Norfolk, Somerset, Newcastle, and Wellington; Marquises Lansdowne, Conyngham, Camden, and Hertford; Earls Lonsdale, Spencer, Essex, Grey, Cowper, Darnley, Gower, Morley, Dartmouth, Aberdeen, Carlisle, Harewood, Roseberry, Dudley and Ward, and Brownlow; Viscounts Beresford and Belgrave; Lords Holland, Hill, Ellenborough, John Russell, Colchester, Auckland, Durham, Farnborough, and Cawdor; Bishops of London, Durham, Salisbury, and Chester; Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench; Chief Baron; Master of the Rolls; the Vice Chancellor; the Lord Mayor; the Speaker; Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Peel; Mr. Huskisson; Mr. T. Grenville; Mr. Herries; Sir W. Grant; General Phipps; Mr. Agar Ellis; the President of the Board of Control; Chairman of the India Company; Governor of the Bank; Attorney, Solicitor, and Surveyor General; Field Officer in Waiting; Chamberlain of London; Master and Warden of Dulwich College; Sirs A. Hume, J. Swinburne, Willoughby Gorden, F. Baring, M. W. Ridley, H. Bunbury, T. Dyke Acland, J. Mackintosh, G. Phillips, F. Freeling, Walter Scott, Anthony Carlisle; Messrs. T. W. Coke, H. Banks, J. W. Croker, R. Hart Davis, N. Ridley, Colborne, T. Hope, H. Brougham, &c. &c.

Character of Beethoven.—Beethoven was in youth, like Mozart, a magnificent pianoforte player; he was not easily coaxed to sit down to the instrument, or to exert himself, except for the sake of his own particular intimates; but when he did so, every one who heard him acknowledged the greatest master of his day. The difference between the *extemporizing* of these two great men has been thus related to me by a good judge who had heard both: 'Mozart was inspired in modulation, all the profound and mysterious affinities of chords were touched upon as his hand wandered over the keys, there was magic in his fingers, he had graceful melody and sentiment ever ready to adorn his sub-

ject; but this was mere poetic luxury to him, he could involve his subject in all the subtleties of canon, and arrive on the spot at the result of a mathematical problem. To invent off-hand in the last-mentioned style is to soar with weights on the wings. In Beethoven's musical mind was to be found an undecaying fancy; there was a tender song in his melodies, great fire and energy in working up his subject; but the poet predominated in him too much over the musician to lead him into the display of that learned and scholastic treatment of it in which Mozart indulged. Beethoven was not *integrally* the musician that the other was, yet in his andantes and other slow movements there is frequently to be found a spirit no less affectionate and enchanting than Mozart's.' In his younger days Beethoven consented to the jurisdiction of musical laws, and obeyed them; his earlier piano-forte works, and his first and second instrumental sinfonias are pure with respect to progressions, classical in their episodes and general construction; but in advanced life he set the pedants too heartily at defiance, as he grew older he became more tenacious of the merit of those productions in which he had, as it were, trodden on the confines of forbidden ground, hovering between genius and extravagance. When his friends praised the regularity of his early writings, he preferred the wildness of his later ones; and there never yet was, I believe a writer who did not reserve the weight of his own liking for the sickliest and ugliest bantlings of his imagination; for what all the world agrees to call beautiful is in no want of patronage.—*Musical Ramble.*

A collection of pictures, almost exclusively of the Flemish and Dutch school, was sold by auction, on Friday and Saturday, May 2 and 3, at Mr. Stanley's Rooms, Bond Street. Many of the pictures were remarkably fine, and we did not observe even one which could justly be termed mediocre. Among them were three peculiarly excellent specimens of Jan Steen; one, the Card Players, especially. But those Dutch masters were sadly inattentive to decorum, and Jan Steen, like many more of his brethren, has rendered a very fine picture a very objectionable one by the introduction of a very gross indelicacy. Specimens of Rembrandt, Ferriers, Cuyper, Vandevelde, Rubens, Snyders, and Ruysdael, were included in the list. We give a few of the prices fetched by some of the pictures and the names of the purchasers:—Jeptha and his Daughter, Rembrandt, £420, (bought in by Mr. Smith, the collector.) The Trinity, by Rubens, £272 10s., Mr. Norton. Figure of a Lady, by G. Terburgh, £210, Mr. Emmerson, who also purchased a View on the Maes, by Jacob Ruysdael, for £262. A View in the Woods, at the Hague, by Hackaert, £241, Marquis of Stafford. Flowers, by Van Huysum, £283. 10s., Mr. Norton. A Sea Port, by Wouvermans, £378, Mr. Foster. A Landscape, by F. Moncheron, £336, Mr. Hume. Interior of a Chamber, Peter de Hooge, £399, Mr. Foster. The total proceeds of the sale were £8550.

The following account confirms our former intelligence relative to the African travellers, and contains some fresh particulars:—

'The arrival of the *Esk* removes all doubt of the fate of Captain Clapperton; he died on the 17th of April, 1827, at Sackatoo, a large town about 600 miles in the interior of

Africa, N. E. of the Gold Coast. This melancholy intelligence is confirmed by Captain Clapperton's white servant, who, after the death of his master, which was occasioned by the dysentery of the country, found his way to the Gold Coast, in company with a native of Bournou, who had acted as an interpreter. The enterprising young Park died from the fatal influence of the climate, and not from any act of violence on the part of the priests or natives, as had been said, at Yang Sang, the capital of the Acquimbo country, 150 miles from Accra, after nine days' illness. The motives by which this young man was urged in his dangerous journey were a desire to ascertain the period and certainty of his father's death, and to trace the causes which led to it. Nothing had been heard of Major Laing; it was reported, however, that he was at Timbuctoo in March, last year. Great anxiety was entertained for the fate of Mr. Dickson, who had departed from Dedagry, on the coast, at the same time Captain Clapperton started from Accra, and who intended to have met him at Sackatoo. It was said he had been killed by the native robbers, for the sake of what he might have had valuable about his person.'

Portraits of the most Illustrious Personages of Great Britain.—In this exhibition the public are afforded the very unusual opportunity of inspecting original pictures, nearly two hundred in number, all of which are extremely curious, and many very fine. It is the most gratifying collection of the kind we ever remember to have seen.

Longevity.—Died at Oldland Common, Bitton, aged 108 years, Samuel Haynes. He has left a widow two years older than himself; also four daughters, all widows; and twenty-two grand-children, twenty-nine great-grand-children, and two great-great-grand-children. And at the Marbles, near Swansea, in her 103rd year, Mrs. Ann Stephens; she retained her faculties up to a short period before her death.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
May 2	52	60	49	30 12		Fair.
.... 3	55	61	55	29 94		Cloudy.
.... 4	58	61	52	.. 70		Showers.
.... 5	55	56	46	.. 68		Showers.
.... 6	56	55	48	.. 70		Showers.
.... 7	51	59	48	.. 80		Fair.
.... 8	51	59	45	.. 84		Fair.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE letter of Mr. D. T. Egerton, if inserted, would only further the objects of his calumniators, by drawing attention to a journal which public opinion has already pronounced to be utterly insignificant and worthless.

The Young Poet, by Mrs. H., is intended for our next.

Infants Sleeping, by E. B., will be inserted.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED: Vaughan's Life of Wyckliffe, two vols. 8vo. 21s.—The Manual of Rank and Nobility, post 8vo. 15s.—Ward's Mexico in 1827, two vols. 8vo. £1. 18s.—Common-Place Book of Romantic Tales, 4s.—Comic Minstrel, 18mo. 2s.—Baron's Village Sermons, 3s.—Gray's Operative Chemist, £1. 11s. 6d.—Chronicles of the Cannongate, Second Series, three vols. £1. 11s. 6d.—Stewart's Sermons, 10s. 6d.—Jarrett's Sermons, two vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Nimrod, three vols. £1. 11s. 6d.—Guest on British Cotton Manufactures, 7s. 6d.—The Prima Donna, 10s. 6d.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND,

instituted 1810, incorporated by Royal Charter, 1827.

Under the Patronage of his MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

The FIRST ANNIVERSARY DINNER under the Charter, and the Nineteenth since the Institution, will be held in Freemasons' Hall, on THIS DAY, the 10th of May.

The Right Hon. Lord LYNTHURST, Lord High Chancellor, in the Chair.

STEWARDS.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Dartmouth.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Lonsdale, K. G.

The Right Hon. Lord Durham.

The Right Hon. Lord Ellenborough.

The Right Hon. Lord Haytesbury.

The Right Hon. Lord Kenyon.

The Right Hon. Sturges Bourne, M. P.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Gaselee.

The Hon. Captain Frederick Noel, R.N.

Sir William Cockburn, Bt. William T. Fry, Esq.

Mr. Sheriff Wilde. Thomas Griffith, Esq.

E. B. Sugden, Esq. M. P. S. C. Hall, Esq.

John Samuel Agar, Esq. Thomas C. Hoiland, Esq.

John Auldjo, Esq. E. Landseer, Esq. A.R.A.

J. R. Baker, Esq., F.S.A. Peter Legh, Esq.

Francis Bernasconi, Esq. Thomas Lupton, Esq.

George Clint, Esq., A.R.A. Francis Graham Moon, Esq.

Abraham Cooper, Esq. R.A. W. J. Pringle, Esq.

George Cooke, Esq. Capt. George Robertson.

T. W. Corbett, Esq. John Sharp, Esq.

Samuel Cousins, Esq. Caleb Robt. Stanley, Esq.

William Croft Fish, Esq. John Turner, Esq.

Robert Farrier, Esq. William Walker, Esq.

Tickets 17s., to be had of the Stewards; at the Bar of Freemasons' Tavern; or of the Secretary, No. 7, Craven Street, Strand.

Dinner on the Table at Half-past Five for Six precisely.

ROBERT BALMANN, Hon. Secretary.

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J. CARTWRIGHT, Secretary.

Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

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Admittance, by TICKETS ONLY, which may be had on application, as above.

MADDOX STREET GALLERY.—Opposite Saint George's Church, Hanover Square.—AN EXHIBITION of PICTURES by the GREAT MASTERS, is OPEN daily, from 10 till 6 o'clock.

THE GRAND FRESCOES, by PAUL VERONESE, from the SORANZA Palace, are ON VIEW at this Gallery; together with some of the finest Works of CLAUD LORRAIN and RICHARD WILSON.—Admittance 1s.

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An Engraving from this celebrated Picture, painted by WILLIAM MULREADY, Esq. R. A., has just been exquisitely finished in the very finest Line Manner, by JOHN HENRY ROBINSON, Esq. for the BENEFIT of the ARTISTS' FUND. The Plate has been in hand nearly five years, and its progress has been wholly under the superintendence of the Committee whose names are attached to the Plate; every Impression printed must necessarily be in a fine state, as the Committee pledge themselves that not more than 1000 Impressions shall be taken altogether, and that as soon as this number is completed, the copper shall be effectually destroyed.

The Profits arising from the Sale of the Impressions, by the Committee, will be devoted to the Relief of Artists, their Widows, and Children.

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A Tale of To-day.

'She plays to-night, and therefore pours along,
To the bright theatre, a motley throng;
Though laughing loves around her light lips play,
A ravening vulture eats her heart away;
Her sunny glance irradiates every breast,
But one, to her more dear than all the rest.'

KENNEDY.

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